# The Literary Digest

FOR JUNE 27, 1936

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## Mail

### Secret Societies

Sir: — Public indignation has been aroused over the insidious activities of the Black Legion. We hope that the type of perverted hypocrisy which sets itself in judgment over fellow-citizens, will be eradicated.

Let's not stop with the Black Legion but demand an exposure of the insidious activities of all secret societies with their political propaganda, their corruption of justice, their breeding of class hatred, etc.

Secret societies are contrary to the spirit of Americanism and of Christianity, for the Founder of Christianity said: "In secret have I said nothing." HERMAN BIELENBERG.
Oil City, Pennsylvania.

### Poetry

Sir:—I agree with Ernest Simmons of Haverhill, Massachusetts, that the poetry page is outstanding, and I look forward each week with eagerness to see what poems are featured and whose face greets me. The page is altogether excellent. LOUISE WOODRUFF.
Berlin, Connecticut.

Sir:—The idea of any one saying that your poetry department is the best thing in your


★

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publication! Preposterous. In the first place there never has been more than ten poets in *all* history, and none as good as Kipling. But you are publishing modern verse—no poetry.

However, I read many book reviews, as do thousands who can not buy all the good books, but want to be informed. So I want to say that the June 6 number is the best I've ever read anywhere. The person who reviewed Dexter Fellows's book *sold* a copy to me, and I buy less than twelve books a year. It was, using an old and once familiar word, *a corker!*

Milwaukee. WILL FRANCIS.

### Mac Murray College

Sir:—In the issue of June 13 you state that "Mrs. Lillian Hurlburt Gist received a Doctor of Letters Degree from Mac Murray College for Women, Jacksonville, *Florida.*"

Will you please correct this so that your readers will know this ninety-year-old College for Women is in Illinois not Florida.

Mac Murray College for Women,
A. C. METCALF,
Jacksonville, Illinois. Registrar.

[THE LITERARY DIGEST regrets a printer's error.—*Editor.*]

### Oxford Group

Sir:—Thanks for your article on the Oxford Group in the June 13 issue. How about giving us some more of it so we can have a clear view as to what this Movement is really doing?

BRUCE CASWELL ABBOTT.
Erie, Pennsylvania.

### Query

Sir:—From page 6, LITERARY DIGEST, June 13, 1936:

"The high-heeled cow-boy boots and ten-gallon Stetson that Percy L. Gassaway, Representative from Oklahoma, likes to wear make him an interesting feature when Capital news is scarce. For a news-reel camera he may don his spurs and SPATS, mount a white horse, yodel, croon a cow-boy lament, and issue a statement."

For the benefit of voters of the sister State, will the Congressman issue a statement to the same reporter settling the question:

Does the Congressman wear his SPATS inside or outside of his cow-boy boots?

Junction City, Kansas. LAURA ROHRER.

### Philadelphia Library

Sir:—In a recent issue you mention the fact that the public library of Philadelphia will celebrate its 195th birthday on July 1. In addition you state that, in 1731, one hundred members joined the public library. This is an apparent contradiction because between 1731 and 1936 there is an interval of 205 years.

The library could not possibly have been founded in 1741 because Franklin in his autobiography mentions several specific dates in 1731 concerning the library.

Waukeska, Wisconsin. S. E. GERALDSON.

[Mr. Geraldson is correct. According to The New International Encyclopædia: "In 1731 Benjamin Franklin founded the Library Company of Philadelphia, which he called the 'mother of all North American subscription libraries.'"—*Editor.*]

### Russia

Sir:—It is because of your fairness toward the Soviet Union at this most critical time that the enclosed subscription to THE LITERARY DIGEST is forwarded.

In all history no nation has been so persistently misrepresented, lied about, slandered, harassed by wars of intervention, civil wars and provocative acts to provoke war as has been directed against the Soviet Union since 1917, when the Czarist Eagles were deperched, and the hammer and sickle were chosen for the emblem of the U.S.S.R.—the hammer representing industry, the sickle agriculture.

In their five-year plan for developing one-sixth of the earth's surface the Soviets are leading the way out of the deadly jungles of war-profiteering into a nobler civilization of agricultural-industrial cooperation of, by and for all friendly wealth-producers, regardless of race, creed or color. CHAS. A. BROWN.
Santa Cruz, California.

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The Literary Digest
NEW YORK JUNE 27, 1936

# Topics of the day

## POLITICAL BOUT: FARLEY VS. HAMILTON

### Nation at the Ringside as Party Chairmen Exchange Blows

John Daniel Miller Hamilton of Kansas and James Aloysius Farley of New York sat with 45,000 others under murky skies in the Yankee Stadium, Friday night, June 19. For the moment they were little concerned with each other. Each from his own seat on the ringside kept his eyes glued on the surprizing spectacle of Max Schmeling putting Joe Louis to rout.

After the twelfth-round knock-out each went his own way. Figuratively, each went to his own corner to get ready for the second round of a political battle of the century already off to a fast start. Both are fighters of a different sort, and both love a fight, the bigger the stakes the better. What they learned in strategy and tactics from Louis and Schmeling may stand them in good stead.

Tired Congressmen deserted Washington after their midnight adjournment last Saturday and left the main event in the national scene up to Farley and Hamilton.

**Greater Contest**—Last week, Farley, as Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and Hamilton, as Chairman of the Republican National Committee, struck the first blows in a contest that will soon make the Schmeling-Louis bout seem as tame and trivial as tiddlywinks.

Their bout will last four months. Their arena will be the forty-eight States, their audience more than 120,000,000 Americans. The stakes will be nothing less than political control of the country.

When they weighed in for the 1936 campaign, the two chairmen showed themselves somewhat similar in practical experience, but strikingly unlike in age, appearance and technique.

Strapping, heavy-hitting Farley is forty-eight, stands six feet two, weighs well over 200, has a stevedore's constitution, is bald and blue-eyed. He is portly, slow-moving, placid.

**Contrast Offered** — Jabbing, jutting-jawed Hamilton is forty-four, sparse, with waving reddish hair, sharp features and hazel eyes. He is "handsome after the fashion of Mr. James Cagney" in one writer's phrase. He is aggressive, nervous, restless, always on the go.

When the gong sounded for the first round, Farley forced the fighting. Directly after the National Convention at Cleveland he declared that the Republicans had nominated "a synthetic candidate on a counterfeit New Deal platform." The Landon-Knox ticket he derided as the weakest the Republican Party ever had. He called Alf M. Landon "the great mystery candidate," and the Landon nomination " a confession of guilt on the part of a bankrupt Republican Party," adding: "No one knows what he stands for, what he wants, or what he proposes to do."

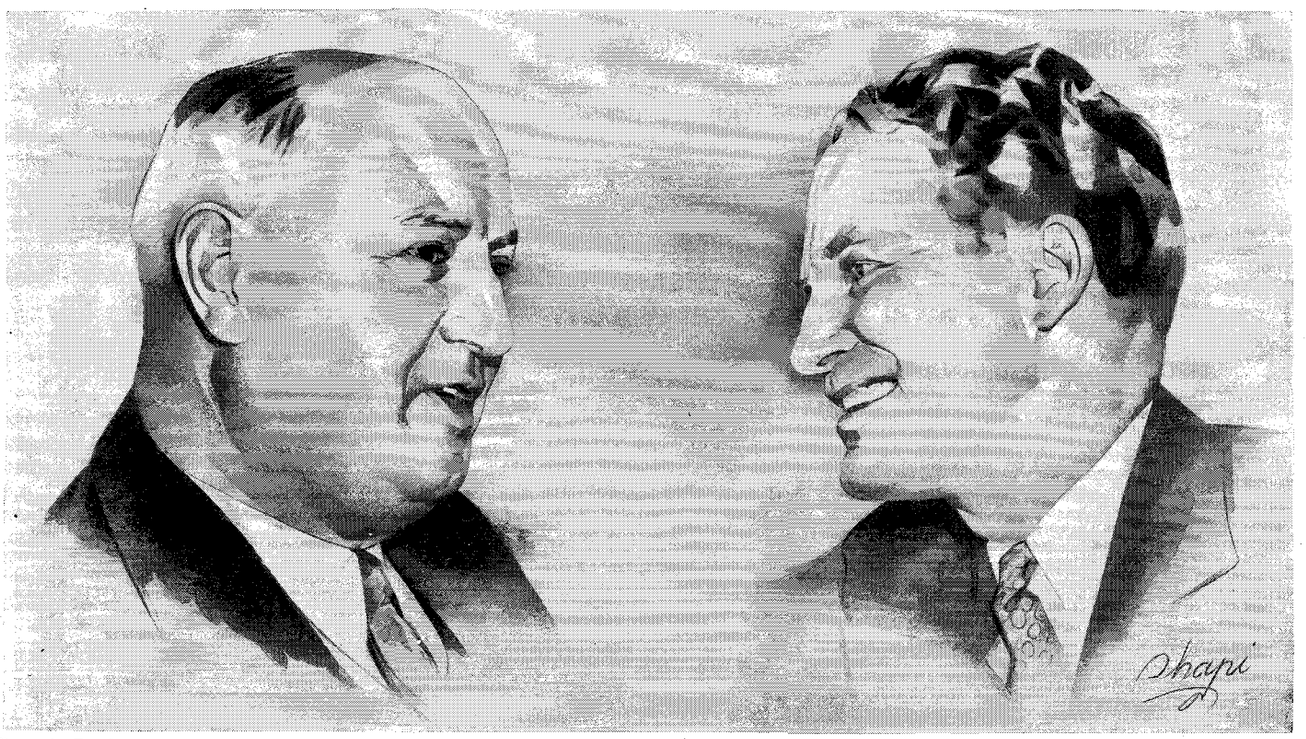
The Farley onslaught stung Hamilton into a quick counter-attack.

**Republican Retort**—In the Palmer House in Chicago, perched on the arm of an overstuffed chair and surrounded by reporters, he dictated to an assistant at a portable typewriter the answer for Farley, interrupting himself delightedly as he went along.

"Take this," he would say with a grin. "Mr. Farley is, of course, both frightened and disappointed. *(Wham!)* He is clearly dissatisfied both with the Republican candidate for the Presidency and with the Republican platform. That was one of the purposes of the Cleveland convention. *(That's a good one.)* . . . He agrees that there are crucial domestic problems pressing for solution. There is a crucial domestic problem and that is in getting rid of the present 'grab-bag' gang in Washington. *(How's that one?)*"

In his corner, Farley got set for the second round. He had a desk-side tray luncheon with President Roosevelt, denied charges that he was soliciting campaign funds from postmasters, dropped into Philadelphia to approve arrangements for this week's Democratic National Convention, and predicted the President's re-election.

John Hamilton is already on his toes for



Drawn for THE LITERARY DIGEST

Campaign Managers, Democratic and Republican: (left) James A. Farley, Postmaster General, and John D. M. Hamilton

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the next clang of the gong. A few hours after the recent Republican convention, the Republican National Committee met in a smoky, high-ceilinged room at the Cleveland Hotel and, at Governor Landon's request, made Mr. Hamilton Chairman and placed their money on him.

**Kansas Glee**—To Topeka then by train and plane went Hamilton, with a stop-over in Chicago to answer Farley. Topekans flung out signs, "Welcome home, John," and provided a band blaring "Oh, Susanna" to escort him to the green-domed statehouse. Then they looked on approvingly while, under a blazing sun, he shook hands with Governor Landon on the steps and told him, "I know you are going to win."

Later, he closeted himself with the Governor in the book-lined study at the Executive Mansion to talk things over. Next day they met with Colonel Knox and other party leaders, and laid out a rough plan of campaign. It calls for Governor Landon to make a speaking tour of the West and two of the East. The Party's principal headquarters will be in the Palmer House in Chicago.

Then, again by plane and train, the quick-moving Hamilton was off for New York to deliver a nationally-broadcast address from a Republican dinner in the Hotel Astor's grand ballroom. Hereafter, he will make few speeches, but he wants to meet and pep up every Republican county chairman in the country before Election Day.

Throughout his travels last week, he loosed a stream of gibes at Chairman Farley, who claims Roosevelt will lose fewer States this year than the six he dropped in 1932.

"Farley," he said, "is just whistling in the dark. He knows he has lost the East and . . . the Republicans will carry the West. . . . Neither Governor Lehman nor any one else can save Roosevelt from losing New York."

Ringsiders do not expect Hamilton to pull his punches.

"I am boss of this show," he said last week. Mark Sullivan, in his syndicated newspaper column, says of him: "He is vital, earnest, clear-minded, as frank as a window-pane, as direct as a straight line. . . . In no solitary respect does he remind any one of a politician of the old type."

**Straightforward**—Topekans like to tell of his blunt answer when he ran for Governor in 1928 in bone-dry Kansas. "Do you drink?" asked a W.C.T.U. questionnaire. His unpolitic answer was, "Yes."

But Farley's friends are sure, too, that he will get out of the clinches.

Aside from the enormous patronage he controls as Democratic Chairman and Postmaster General, his strength lies chiefly in his knack for personal contacts. Friendly, engaging, affable, he likes people and makes warm friends readily.

He is said to have a wider acquaintance than any other American alive. When he was barnstorming through the country for Roosevelt in 1932, he met literally thousands of local politicians, pumped their hands, called them by their first names, and, later, wrote each of them a letter, signing his name in the typical green ink.

They loved it.

**Estimates of Farley**—His worst enemies admit that Farley is a cagy politician, but on occasion he can be straightforwardly realistic. Denounced as a political spoilsman, he has replied: "This patronage is one of the chief assets of a party in office. We might as well recognize it frankly for what it is."

Some observers who know both their politicians and their fighters remarked that the Louis-Schmeling fight pointed a moral for the Hamilton-Farley go. Louis was overconfident. Schmeling was unafraid.

Almost all agreed, however, that with two such principals, it would not be a dull fight.

**Editorial Comment**—National Chairmen are often colorless, observes the Kansas City *Journal-Post* (Ind.). "Not so this year. Patronage Dispenser Farley and Show Runner Hamilton will share the head-lines with the Presidential candidates." The Helena, Montana, *Independent* (Dem.) nods agreement: "What they say will be quite as important as though coming directly from Roosevelt or Landon."

The Shreveport, Louisiana, *Journal* (Dem.) is inclined to lay its money on Farley, who, it says, "has displayed more than a little wizardry, and has had much more experience than Hamilton."

"Shrewd, daring and experienced," the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* (Ind.) calls Mr. Farley, and the Lexington (Ky.) *Herald* (Dem.) agrees that "if Mr. Farley misses any tricks it is hard to find them."

But the Cleveland *News* (Rep.) believes that Chairman Hamilton "has the punch, the iron nerve, the keen eye, the quick brain to match the fighting Farley."

The Boston *Herald* (Rep.) likes Mr. Hamilton's "simplicity and directness" but dismisses Mr. Farley as "a glowing example of the old-time party boss," to whom public office is "primarily a rich opportunity for building up the party, for rewarding friends and displacing opponents."

"A tu'penny Tammany boss" is the Chicago *Daily Tribune's* (Ind.-Rep.) estimate of Mr. Farley. "The trouble with Jim," says the *Topeka Capital* (Rep.), "is that his vocabulary is limited. Its horizons do not extend south beyond the Bowery or north beyond Harlem River."

Chairman Hamilton, the New York *Herald Tribune* (Ind.-Rep.) chimes in, "can not fail to win votes for the Republican ticket as fast as Mr. Farley loses them for his ticket."

"A smart move," the Denver *Post* (Ind.) calls the selection of Hamilton as party chairman, declaring that he has "demonstrated organizing ability seldom if ever surpassed in American politics."

Both chairmen wring a cheer from the St. Louis *Star-Times* (Ind.), which enjoys their slambang give-and-take.

"Here's to both Jim and John," it says. "They'll have a fine time throwing cabbages at each other in this campaign, and may the squashiest vegetable find its mark."

## LABOR CRUCIBLE: New Deal's Policy Draws Sparks in Steel Industry

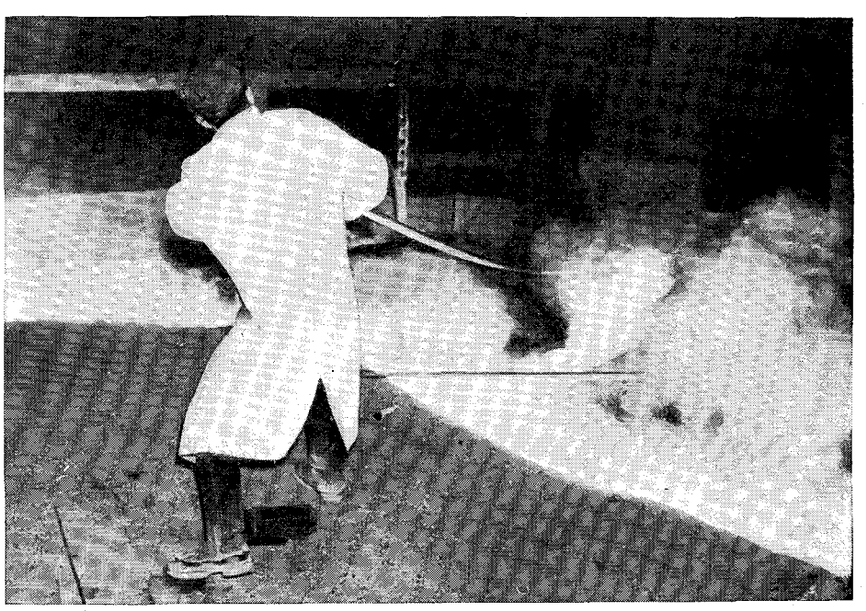
An adverse court ruling, a Cabinet officer's retaliation, and a union membership rally thrust the New Deal's labor policy into the blast furnace of the steel industry last week.

The Jones and Laughlin Steel Corporation, fourth largest in the country, discharged twelve employees from its Aliquippa, Pennsylvania, plant last winter for "violation of company rules." The National Labor Relations Board sued for their reinstatement, charging that they had been discriminated against for labor activities, in violation of the Wagner Labor Relations Act.

Last Monday, the Circuit Court of Appeals in New Orleans, where Jones and Laughlin also operates, denied the Government's suit, holding the Wagner Act unconstitutional in its application to the steel industry.

Almost as soon as the news got to Washington, Harold L. Ickes, PWA administrator, canceled a $40,000 steel contract with Jones and Laughlin for the Imperial Dam in Arizona. Secretary Ickes accused the company of previous unfair labor practises.

**Organization Drive**—In Pittsburgh, center of the activities of Jones and Laughlin, the John L. Lewis vertical union group whipped up its drive to organize steel's 450,000 workers into one huge industrial union. Lewis



Keystone

The steel industry, possible testing ground for the Wagner Labor Relations Act

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found the New Orleans decision "characteristic of the judicial autocracy now being created in our country."

Employment in the steel industry is almost back to its 1929 peak, having climbed from 240,000 in 1932. Its 1935 profits ran to $62,961,961. Often called the most basic of the nation's basic industries, it turns out 500 products in 100,000 grades, shapes and sizes, all the way from girders for bridges to bobby-pins for girls. It spent $140,000,000 last year for modernizing old equipment.

The Wagner Labor Relations Act may be tested or tempered in the sputter of sparks struck from steel last week. Ever since the Supreme Court's Guffey Coal Act decision May 18, holding that manufacture is a local function, not subject to interstate commerce regulation, the Administration has feared for the Wagner Act—only New Deal prop to labor now left standing.

The father of the Act, and of much of the New Deal's labor program, Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York, sat through it all shut up in his Washington office, shirt-sleeves rolled up, his mind on Philadelphia, rather than on New Orleans or Pittsburgh. This week he set off for the Democratic Convention, his black zipper brief-case stuffed with notes for the 1936 Platform, which it was his task to shape.

**Breathing Spell**—He knew that the final ruling on the validity of his Labor Act couldn't come before the Supreme Court reconvenes in the fall, that the New Orleans decision affected only that part of the South embraced in the Fifth Judicial District, and that there have been other Circuit Court decisions upholding the Act against injunctions brought by employers.

Throughout its history the Supreme Court has affirmed Circuit Courts in, roughly, two out of every three decisions. There are six other cases involving the legislation now before Circuit Courts. One of them, in which the question of interstate commerce is not an issue, will undoubtedly be chosen by the Government as a clearer model for the last appeal.

Even banishment of the Labor Relations Act to the limbo where eight previous New Deal laws now lie would not stop Senator Wagner. His record, almost since his arrival from Germany on a snowy Christmas Eve at the age of eight, has been one of association with and efforts for labor. As a boy he swept floors, sold newspapers and hawked candy in the parks. As a man he has steadily sponsored workmen's bills in both New York State and Federal legislatures. He has been called a Tammany politician and a socialist, a radical and a fascist, the tool of big business and the workingman's best friend.

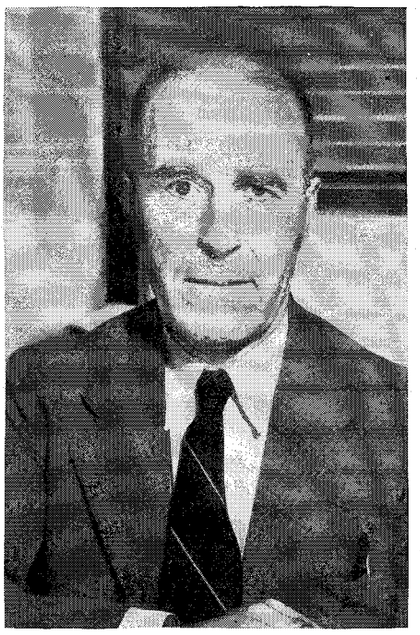
**Editorial View-Points**—While he stuck to his platform-building, the three-cornered dispute over the operation of his Act in the steel industry overflowed in the press.

Three typical view-points:

For labor: "The workers' battle for economic justice may be temporarily held up by the court decision but will inevitably be renewed along other lines and with increased vigor. The slaveholders cheered the Dred Scott decision but Appomattox followed."—*Labor,* Washington, D. C.

For industry: "Again defeated in court in attempted enforcement of an unconstitutional Act, the Administration has gone beyond the decree with reprisals against a steel company. The decision and the subsequent action by Ickes and the comment by Lewis show an alliance between the Government and organized labor which, if extended, may lead to serious disturbance."—*Steel,* Cleveland, Ohio.

For the Government: "This Circuit Court ruling will once more stimulate the harassed but undismayed Roosevelt Administration to yet another wrestling with this whole problem of improving employer-employee relations, in the light of the facts of reality and the law of the land."—*Age-Herald,* Birmingham, Alabama.



Wide World

Representative William Lemke: a new entrant in an old race

## THIRD PARTY THREAT:

### Lemke Heads Ticket Bidding for Coughlin, Townsend, Long Votes

Who will get the votes claimed by Father Coughlin's Union for Social Justice, Doctor Townsend's Old Age Revolving Pensions advocates, and by those who have remained loyal to the late Huey Long's Share Our Wealth Program? That is no longer an idle question.

Conjectures solidified startlingly last week into a concrete reality—a new third party with a new candidate for President.

Father Coughlin had hinted first that something was in the air, but before he got around to his promised revelation by radio last Friday night, the news broke in Washington.

Representative William Lemke, inflationist Republican of North Dakota, announced that afternoon that he would run for President on the "Union Party" ticket. He presented a complete platform with fifteen planks, and a running mate—Thomas O'Brien, Boston labor lawyer, who was celebrating his forty-ninth birthday by declaring himself for the Vice Presidency.

All that afternoon, Representative Lemke, a shortish, baldish man with sandy-hair and deep-set eyes, paced the floor of his Washington office. He mopped his steaming face and snapped out orders while the telephones jangled and secretaries scurried about. A steady stream of telegrams and letters poured in.

That night Father Coughlin rallied his Union for Social Justice behind Representative Lemke, crying: "Lemke and Yale! Agriculture and Republican! O'Brien and Harvard! Labor and Democrat! East and West! Protestant and Catholic, possessing one program of driving the money-changers from the temple, of permitting the wealth of America to flow freely into every home!"

The next day, before joining Doctor Townsend in addressing 3,500 persons under a hot sun in Syracuse, New York, the Rev. Gerald Smith, Huey Long disciple, declared:

"We are convinced that a Presidential candidate who will permit the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin to define his money plank—Doctor Townsend to define his old-age security plank—Gerald Smith to define his plank on labor, education and homesteads—the farmers' union to define their plank in agriculture—this man will be the next President of the United States."

Not yet prepared to commit themselves, they set out to see if Representative Lemke was that man.

**Leader's Record**—Those who knew him only as the coauthor of the doomed Frazier-Lemke farm mortgage bill hurried to check his record. They found that he was born in North Dakota fifty-seven years ago and had been a leader in that State's Non-Partizan League. Tenacious and pugnacious, he has become increasingly hostile toward the New Deal. In his fifteen-plank platform he emphasized economic slavery and "man-made depression as the issues."

Looking toward a convention of all the interested groups in Cleveland sometime in August, he predicted: "It will be a mass convention, similar to the one at which Lincoln launched his party."

Third parties have not normally proved a major threat in American history, but they are significant in weighting the scale for one or the other of the major parties. Democrats immediately set out to stem the new third ticket's appeal.

Just before formation of the Union Party was announced, the Rev. Mr. Smith asserted that a united front of his followers and those of Dr. Francis E. Townsend, Father Coughlin and Representative Lemke would roll up 20,000,000 votes in November. Editors were inclined to discount his claims but many saw a possibility that Lemke would draw votes from Roosevelt, to the advantage of Gov. Alf M. Landon. The Republican candidate, as if to support this view, said he welcomed the Union Party; it would help bring campaign issues before the people.

**Press Comment**—But union of the Coughlin and Townsend forces would be an admission that both "are fast losing their strength," according to the Washington *Post* (Ind.). "If that were not the case one or the other of the major political parties would be bidding for the large number of votes which these movements claim but obviously can not deliver."

"The new party can hardly elect Lemke," says the Los Angeles *Times* (Ind.-Rep.), "but it may defeat Roosevelt, which may be its real objective anyway. Another Pacific Coast paper, the San Francisco *Chronicle* (Rep.) asserts that "the third

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party will be a bitter pill to the New Dealers" and "it illustrates the fact that radicalism, like inflation, can not be controlled."

Pointing out that American history "is strewn with third parties that have never gotten beyond the paper stage," the Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.-Dem.) says it must be recognized nevertheless that "if the unlikely were to occur" a third party "might play hob with national politics this fall."

## REAL LABOR WAR: Ohio Strike-Breakers Fire on Pickets; Congress Acts

Two big vans rumbled through the streets of Kent, Ohio, early one morning last week, loaded with forty armed strike-breakers.

Before one of the iron gates of the Black and Decker Electric Company, where 400 machinists were on strike, the trucks stopped. A dozen men hopped down and pushed back the gates. The vans roared down the driveway to the main office.

Pickets who had been strolling up and down the walk froze in their tracks.

One of the strike-breakers flourished a shotgun. "If they start anything, let 'em have it!" he shouted hoarsely.

As the trucks unloaded their passengers, the pickets moved forward menacingly. There was an outburst of rifle fire and tear gas and several of the pickets dropped. The strike-breakers scurried inside.

By noon a yelling, angry mob of 5,000 surrounded the building. For six hours the firing continued. Police, outnumbered, stood by helplessly. Physicians couldn't go near the factory to help the wounded.

It was sundown before the attackers lifted their siege and made way for an ambulance to carry off some fourteen wounded.

The battle over, the strike-breakers were bundled into wagons by a sheriff and carted through hooting crowds to the city jail.

**Editorial Comment**—"The Kent disturbance emphasizes an obvious defect in our whole set-up for dealing with serious strikes," says the Akron *Times-Press*. "That defect is that local authorities are powerless to do anything when disputes reach the proportions they did at Kent." Urging that there should be some effective arm of government to settle labor disputes, this paper adds that until that is provided "we can expect to have repetitions of the distressing events that occurred at Kent."

In Washington, a day or two later, the House jammed through an anti-strike-breaker bill and sent it to the White House. The measure prohibits interstate transportation of strike-breakers "for the purpose of interfering with peaceful picketing."

From the industrial unrest of recent years, strike-breaking has developed into something of an industry in itself.

P. L. Bergoff of New York City, now sometimes referred to as "King of the Strike-Breakers" and the "Red Demon," told how it was done in a series of frank newspaper articles, "I Break Strikes."

The agency which Bergoff built up—perhaps the largest in the country—will feel the force of the bill.

He has men scattered all over the United States, some of them in the employ of labor-unions, he said, and thus has advance information when a strike is to be called. He likened preparations for breaking a strike to the mobilization of a miniature army for actual warfare.

His biggest job was in the Erie Railroad shopmen's strike of 1920, for which he received "about $2,000,000."

## BOLTERS OUT AND IN: Conservatives at Democratic Convention Offset Progressives

As delegates to the Democratic National Convention swarmed into Philadelphia this week, they were concerned not about the choice of a candidate—their man had already been hand-picked—but about a minor cleavage that had been developing in their ranks for three years.

During the 1932 campaign the Roosevelt forces successfully wooed progressive elements all over the country. George W. Norris of Nebraska, nominally a Republican, deserted his Party in 1932, as he had done in 1928 and will do again this year. Hiram Johnson, a Republican who helped put California behind Franklin Roosevelt in 1932, still won't get back into harness.

Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota merely wears a G.O.P. tag. He has been a strong supporter of the Administration in the Senate. James Couzens of Michigan announced last week that he would run for reelection to the Senate on the Republican ticket. But for three years he has been as strong for the New Deal as Farley.

Last week it began to look as if there would be one Roosevelt bolter for every Republican insurgent in the 1936 campaign. The Constitutional issue, centralization of government in Washington as opposed to "States' rights" and the administration of relief were political bones which many a Democrat began picking with the President as far back as 1934.

**Virginians Subside**—In the Senate, Carter Glass and Harry F. Byrd protested vigorously two years ago against the Administration's relief and fiscal programs. Tho disgruntled still, they have had to quiet down or run the risk of losing their places in the Senate next fall when pro-New Deal Virginia goes to the polls.

Three weeks ago William H. ("Alfalfa Bill") Murray, who zealously boomed himself for the Democratic nomination in 1932, announced that he would vote the Republican ticket this year.

Last week Senator Royal S. Copeland issued a statement declaring he would not attend the Democratic Convention altho he had been elected a delegate from the 17th district of New York.

**Unexplained Aloofness**—"Mr. Roosevelt has plenty of New Dealers," declared the health columnist for the anti-Administration Hearst newspapers. "He doesn't need me." He gave no reason for his defection, but Democrats scoffingly attributed it to the cold shoulder President Roosevelt had turned on his ship subsidy and food and drug bills.

The slap which really smarted came on the very eve of the convention. It was not unexpected.

Last January Alfred E. Smith intimated he might "take a walk" from the convention. Last Sunday he followed up that threat with a telegram to all delegates calling on them to "put aside" Franklin D. Roosevelt and substitute some "genuine Democrat."

Four other conservative Democrats joined him in signing the message: Bainbridge Colby, Secretary of State under President Wilson; James A. Reed, who represented Missouri in the Senate from 1910 to 1929; Joseph B. Ely, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, and Daniel F. Cohalan, former New York State Supreme Court Justice.

All the delegates who received the wire of protest were pledged to President Roosevelt; but they knew that the blast would echo beyond Philadelphia.

American history abounds in historic parallels to this threatening Democratic split. In 1872 there was seething antagonism to the renomination of President Grant by the Republicans. Led by Horace Greeley, Editor of the New York *Tribune*, and Charles Francis Adams, Lincoln's Minister to England, a segment of the Party broke away when they saw that Grant was headed for the nomination.

The silver issue was the wedge that drove deeply into both the great parties in 1896. When the Republican Convention refused to put a plank in its platform advocating the "free and unlimited coinage of both silver and gold," Senator Henry M. Teller of Colorado rounded up thirty-four other delegates from his State and Montana, Utah, Idaho and South Dakota and stalked out.

**McKinley Benefits**—Eastern Democrats, favoring a gold standard plank, did the same thing after William Jennings Bryan's "cross of gold" oration, but they went a step farther. Having bolted their Party, they convened at Indianapolis, nominated John M.

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Republican bolters, both unsuccessful: "Teddy" Roosevelt, whose split from the Taft ranks caused Wilson's election, and Horace Greeley, who tried to stop Grant

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Palmer, and wheedled enough voters away from the Bryan Democrats to put William McKinley in the White House.

It remained for the picturesque "Teddy" Roosevelt, however, to stage the most dramatic and significant bolt in recent American history. Bitterly hostile to the Taft Administration, "T.R." marched out of the 1912 Republican Convention when his former friend was renominated, and took his great following into a new and strange land—the party of the Wisconsin Progressives.

The Republican split which resulted helped Woodrow Wilson carry the election by 435 electoral votes to 96 for Roosevelt and Taft.

What will the defection of prominent Democrats mean in the 1936 election? "There is reason for estimating," believes Mark Sullivan "that the number of Democrats who this year will vote against Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal is about one out of ten."

**Newspaper Views**—Some newspapers agree with him. "There are many Democrats who have watched the New Deal usurp the Democratic Party and trample its traditions in the dust," notes the *Idaho Statesman* of Boise. "Their plight is much like that of a contented married man who has a dictatorial and extravagant mother-in-law walk in and proceed to rule and ruin the household."

## STATE RELIEF: New Jersey Eases Worries; Example Called "Good" and "Bad"

A twelve-and-one-half per cent. cut in the fortune of the late John T. Dorrance, multi-millionaire Camden soup manufacturer, has eased New Jersey's relief worries.

April 15, its funds for feeding its hungry exhausted, the State left the task up to its towns and cities. For nine days after that an army of unemployed camped in the Assembly Chamber at Trenton to dramatize their demands.

As last Friday's dawn filtered into that same chamber, weary legislators, after a night of debate, wound up a vexing session.

Long litigation over the inheritance tax in the $120,000,000 Dorrance estate had finally ended a few days before, putting $15,000,000 into the State Treasury. The legislators dipped into the tax fund for $6,000,000 to help municipalities which have been taking care of their own unemployed since the State's relief appropriations ran out.

**Eyes on Trenton**—Other States anxious to shunt to cities and counties the relief burden dumped on them by Washington last year looked to New Jersey's two-month experiment for lessons.

If they heeded figures from the research division of the Republican National Committee, they discovered that administration of relief by local authorities reduces waste, inefficiency and graft, without letting any one starve. The number of relief cases listed on April 15, when New Jersey stepped out from under, was 25,419. The number of cases on May 31 was 18,699. During the same period the monthly cost of relief fell from $720,838 to $439,271.

In contradiction to these optimistic soundings the WPA Division of Social Research reported a survey replete with such stories as this:

Wide World

*Soup for New Jersey's jobless: during the next few months it will be paid for by the tax collected from the estate of the late Dr. J. T. Dorrance, Camden soup executive*

**Typical Jersey Case**—The baby in the Downing family died two weeks ago from lack of milk. Their fifteen-month-old child has whooping cough now. With a mounting drug store bill and no money on hand, the Downings don't know where they will get further medical supplies or medical care.

The mother of this family of thirteen is ill of heart disease complicated by stomach trouble. The children complain of continuous hunger as a result of scant supplies provided by the local relief agency.

For cooking fuel they have whatever the boys can collect from dump heaps, chiefly rubber inner tubes and old shoes. Flies from a nearby swamp swarm in through broken windows of their house, on which taxes have been unpaid for seven years.

Taking the Downing family as typical, WPA Administrator Harry L. Hopkins concluded that "starvation and disease are stalking through many dilapidated homes" in New Jersey.

## BONUS JOY AND WO: Dizzy Goings-On in No Man's Land of Sudden Wealth

"Did you light a cigarette with a $50 Bonus Bond?" inquired Judge William P. Mulville in the Greenwich, Connecticut, Police Court.

"Yes—what of it?" replied William MacAllister, a sullen veteran. "It was blood-money. Everybody kept telling me what to do with it, so I got discouraged."

Such peculiar goings-on became nation-wide as the bonus manna fell. The Government's largesse of bonds and checks provided an impetus for varied episodes of comedy, pathos, adventure, romance and a smattering of tragedy.

In Long Beach, California, for instance, an unidentified veteran launched a direct frontal attack on haberdashery. "I've never had more than three suits of underwear," he gasped. "Now I want twenty of 'em."

Everywhere the police were asked to locate vanished bonds and their holders. Result: a large number of bonus collectors, compelled to reveal their identities, were arrested for desertion, non-support, alimony arrears and old crimes.

With part of his bonus, Fred Burgan of Niles, Michigan, paid an instalment on an automobile. A few hours later he crashed with another car and was killed. Guy Edward Hines, a Washington watchman, fell to his death in an elevator shaft as his bonds were being delivered. Harry Kelly of New York City, after banking the contents of his brown envelop, slipped on the stairs of his home and was killed.

**Deserters of Homes**—Fifteen veterans in Tulsa, Oklahoma, cashed their bonds and left their wives. This domestic score, however, was more than evened as hundreds of other bonus recipients throughout the nation bought marriage licenses.

Postmen delivering bond envelops in Wall Street were told to "go around the back way and don't cause any uproar." But Clay Gothard, a Chattanooga mail-carrier, delivered the good news at his own home; it was done properly—his wife identified him to himself.

In Chicago, a veterans' hospital staff reported an almost overnight recovery of a number of patients who insisted on leaving their sick-beds on payment day.

## NOBLEMEN'S CLUB: Bogus Counts on the Run as Real Things Organize "Union"

So you wanted Prince Such-and-So to attend your party to-night? (Voice regally haughty.)

Sorry, madame. Oh, he is probably (condescending doubt) quite a *bona fide* prince. But the unionized aristocrats will be forced to picket your party. Prince Such-and-So is a royal scab!

"The possibilities are fascinating," remarks the New York *Post*. "We toy with

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Wide World

Baron Giorgio Suriani di Castelnuovo: only authentic noblemen may pay his club dues

the prospect of some . . . future noblemen's labor dispute . . . scab viscounts with silk hats clamped above battered ears."

But unionizing the titled nobility against brothers and sisters of the impersonation ilk—and incidentally, for "facilitating" commercial accounts for *bona fide* club members—is no amusing matter to Baron Giorgio Suriani di Castelnuovo.

"We must protect our dignity!" he blazed fervently.

Amidst frantic commotion, adamant gestures, bristling mustaches and a slightly medieval air, he launched his flaming crusade to exterminate imposters last week from the Noblemen's Club rooms in New York's swanky Hotel St. Moritz.

**Democratic "Titles"**—Vice-President of the club is the Marquis Bruno Pepe. Treasurer is Count Joseph Monneret de Villard, also Italian, altho his ancestors went to the guillotine with Marie Antoinette. The Count is a lover of the theater, has played in motion-pictures and carried a spear in the play, "Sailor Beware." Austrian Baroness Henkel-Gebhardi is secretary.

"This club wouldn't be simply a closed circle for nobility willing to give paid testimonials?" suggested a tactless reporter.

The Baron's eyes blazed. He became a glowering meteor of indignant rage. Fiery purpose showed as he announced unequivocally that the *raison d'être* of the club was that real counts, dukes, marquises, and barons had become exercised over front-page bogus noblemen.

**Information Bureau**—The Baron states, possibly without full realization of the service expected by service-conscious oil heiresses and debutantes, that all information desired by the public concerning the authenticity of a title may be obtained without cost at the organization's headquarters.

Altho most of America's 1,500 resident and 15,000 or so bogus noblemen are well known among the real aristocrats and the police, this often involves transatlantic cables. But such costs the Baron anticipates covering by a full registration of titled nobility in this country and many abroad, paying dues of $5 a month.

In order to become a member, the applicant must first possess a title, then be able to prove it legitimate. Members will get an identification card when accepted. Impostors will be tracked down; the club will make efforts to have stern legislation passed against the false use of a title.

The Baron gave an exquisitely deft gesture with thumb and middle finger to form a neat "O." "It will be uncomfortable for any one without a membership card."

"Like a union?" he was asked.

"Absolutely." (In dulcet tone.)

Showing quaintly noble familiarity with courts and kings, the club states that "honorary membership in the Noblemen's Club will be conferred upon the kings and queens of all the reigning houses."

"That's big of them," a grinning reporter whispered.

## ILLUSORY SAFETY: Homes, Like the Highways, Exact Their Toll of Casualties

Motoring America takes its continual pummeling for making the highways the slaughter-house of the nation. All those thousands tied to rockers for life, writers have convinced them, are held in captivity by the modern highwayman.

But how about the dangers of the American home? Some 31,500 persons, blithely moving about their activities, tumbling downstairs, slipping on soap in the bathtub, getting cut, burned and blown up, met their death there last year.

In a New England boarding-house, a millhand was enjoying a few moments' relaxation in his room, reading the evening paper—about the latest motor accident, perhaps. He tilted too far back in his chair, deposited himself through a window, and struck the ground a dozen feet below.

Another man, a plumber in a Midwestern town, had spent a profitable day wrestling with his wrenches. But in preparing for bed, he got a foot caught in one leg of his pants. None of his favored grips proved of avail; he hopped about until he fell and suffered a broken arm.

Home accidents in 1935 permanently disabled 140,000 persons, the National Safety Council reported last week, and injured 4,460,000. Poisoning alone cost 18,000 lives, permanently disabled 60,000 and offered definite proof that Americans don't read the labels on those jumbled bottles in the medicine-cabinet.

After a night at home, Americans find good honest labor the safest form of existence. Only 4,400 got themselves killed on the nation's farms; 4,000 in the trade and service industries, 2,500 in construction work and 1,600 in mining and other extraction work.

No one could have felt safer than the gimlet-eyed juryman in a play presented in an Indiana town (there hadn't been a vegetable in the air all evening) and the judge was winding up the evidence with believable gusto. "Who killed Earle Wright?" he demanded, rapping so vigorously with his gavel that its head flew off. The juryman didn't get killed. But the gavel-head struck his glasses, injuring his right eye and producing one of the 1,340,000 annual injuries on the job.

While the husband goes to work, the wife does her shopping. A woman was making her purchases in a Hamilton, Ohio, meat market. A ham fell from the top of a case, hitting a knife which lay on the back of the counter. The knife played mumbly-peg over the counter, bounced on the floor and cut the wife's left leg.

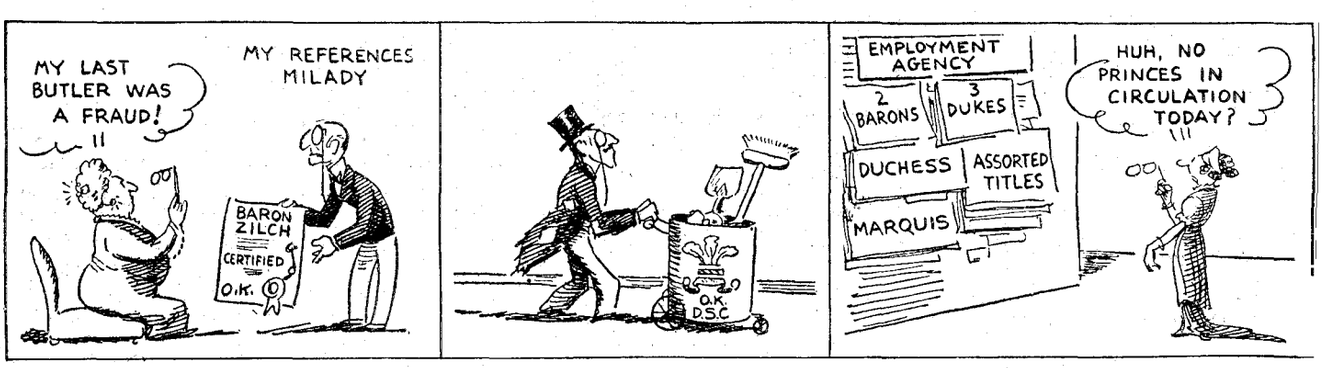
**Dangerous Ping-Pong**—A policy holder of a large insurance company stuck to ping-pong.

During the game, he slipped and bumped his head on a corner of the table. The company paid off on the strength of a badly injured eye.

In Central Falls, Rhode Island, a young man took a stroll. He stepped off a curbstone, lost his balance and fell, breaking his right leg.

And so to bed. But without risking one last healthy yawn. For a Boston gentleman took the chance and found himself with a dislocated jaw. Two anesthetics had to be administered, and three physicians worked an hour getting the jaw back into place.

And safely dreaming at last—unless one




IMPROVING THE BREED

—Johnstone in the New York World-Telegram

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is a politician dreaming of the forthcoming campaign and arguing a point in his sleep. One Texan politician won his point, all right. But the arm-waving rolled him out of bed, and the fall broke his collar-bone.

Many of the 9,000,000 accidents last year had their slap-stick aspects. But the cost of American carelessness comes high—100,000 lives and a $3,450,000,000 slice of the nation's income.

## KANSAS AND U. S.: State Legislators and Voters to Decide Federal Aid Problems

A large portion of voting Kansans will go to the polls in November with a lot more than names on ballots to think about. They will have to decide whether they prefer greenbacks to food tickets and cashable checks to rent vouchers.

They will have to decide whether they want their State Constitution amended so that the Federal Social Security Act will include Kansas in its liberal allotments of funds for old age pensions, aid to the blind, aid to dependent children, unemployment insurance and rehabilitation benefits.

As things stand now, the State has very little to say about these matters. They are left to the discretion, power and jurisdiction of the various counties. And these counties must assess their citizens for security measures, a local problem often unpleasant to consider.

**Federal Rules**—The Government at Washington knows this and carefully stated in the Federal Act that the distribution of funds must be left to the States, without hindrance from individual communities. So far thirty-five States and the District of Columbia have found ways of living up to this demand, but not Kansas.

So, when Governor Landon returns to Topeka on July 6 from his vacation, one of his first tasks will be to meet the special session of the Legislature which he has called for the following day.

This session will consider an amendment to the Kansas Constitution that would permit the State justly to demand its share of the Federal cash.

Since the first appropriations for this national act were made in Washington last February, Kansas has been able to claim funds for only four of the ten provisions: Maternal and Child Health, Crippled Children, Child Welfare and Public Health. Yet other States get money for unemployment insurance, old age pensions, aid to the blind and dependent children.

**Administration Dictum**—For a long time Kansas legislators have been bothered about these gaps in their cash grants. Last winter they tried to devise a plan for additional sums. But Washington turned down the proposals. It was the old answer: in Kansas, it is the county that holds the purse-strings. And these counties dole out their benefits in script, vouchers, and the like; Washington insists on cash.

Altho the text of the proposed amendment hasn't been approved yet by the Legislative Council, it is expected to go before the Legislature on July 7. Four months later it will be presented to the voters.

Kansas will then be in the money unless the U. S. Supreme Court invalidates the Federal Act in the meantime.

# Topics in Brief

Mr. Sloan, who says we are 85 per cent recovered, has a job.—*Toledo Blade.*

We're wrong. It seems that "They're Hanging Danny Deever" isn't swing music.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Mr. Landon, it is emphasized, is not controlled by any faction. A sort of No Man's Landon.—*Washington Post.*

Mr. Pegler finds that 1936 national conventions are so different. The eighteenth amendment was repealed in 1933.—*Chicago News.*

Some people in France are praising the Blum Administration, while others say just wait till they knock the "l" out of it.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

The Russian Government has just come out in favor of a stable family. Later on, of course, they might go in for garage families like ours.—*Boston Herald.*

So much time has elapsed we don't remember who was the writer of "Happy Days Are Here Again" or what was the basis for the rumor.—*Detroit News.*

Reviewing the state of the nation, we might take a bit of pride in the thought that no other Power could have given us the wallop we've given ourselves.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

The campaign will at least show how many Republicans are left in this country, whether big bills frighten many people any more and whether there IS a life after a Democratic landslide.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The *Queen Mary* is so big that I wonder what the British will come over in next, when they try to come over in something bigger. Rumor has it they are trying to fit a propeller on the Isle of Erin.

The Isle of Erin might as well come over here. The inhabitants have.—*Cal Tinney in New York Post.*

MOVE OVER, COMRADES
—Elderman in the Washington Post

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—Herblock for NEA Service

No government can long exist with half the people supporting it and the other half holding it up.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

Threats of a food shortage in Paris seem hardly real, as long as a door-knob can be varnished and passed for French pastry.—*Detroit News.*

Observers say that since the New Deal came in, there isn't any savor in the joke about absent-minded professors.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

Hands Off Rails New U. S. Policy.—Head-line.

Keeping off the track entirely might also be a good plan.—*Indianapolis News.*

Maxie Baer is now an orchestra leader. Requests for that number beginning "So you met some one who set you back on your heels" will be ignored.—*Detroit News.*

Rabid Democrat suggests that the vigilance of the G. O. P.'s Old Guard is occasioned by the fact that it has so little left to guard.—*Arkansas Gazette (Little Rock).*

There can be little doubt as to the outcome of a war between Japan and China. China doesn't even have much of a rainy season to bank on.—*Wichita (Kan.) Eagle.*

It is commendable, to be sure, for a college to offer a course in "What Contemporary Civilization Is," but a little information as to where it is would help a lot, too.—*Boston Herald.*

Some pessimists say this generation has forgotten the virtue of thrift. But a San Francisco policeman has just told a Grand Jury how he saved $800,000 on a $2,400 salary.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

There is talk of equipping pages in the U. S. House of Representatives with roller-skates. However, there is even stronger talk of equipping many of the members with skids next November.—*Ohio State Journal.*

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## *Foreign Comment*

# EDWARD VIII AT 42: DEMOCRATIC KING

### Britons Acclaim Monarch Who Is Just One Among Them All

To King Edward VIII of England last Tuesday was just another day; to his 493,670,000 subjects in every fragment of the globe, it was an occasion. If he followed his usual routine, the slight, youngish ruler began his forty-second birthday with a ten-minute session of calisthenics, substituted, because of heart strain, for his former sprint around Buckingham Palace.

Other Londoners, too, were stirring. In the West End butlers roused their silk pajamaed masters, and in the East End cockney costermongers watched their "old women" pack picnic lunches. Rich and poor, the descendants of Englishmen who had seen Charles I beheaded prepared to cheer the newest and most popular of the Windsors.

The high point scheduled for the day was the trooping of the colors at the Horse Guards Parade, a stone's throw from the spot where stood Charles's scaffold. As Prince of Wales, the Monarch had had a full dress rehearsal in 1933, when he had trooped the colors for his ailing father, George V. But tho the spectacle is always the same, Englishmen never tire of it, pressing rank against rank for a sight of their Sovereign astride a stallion at Saluting Point, encased in a brilliant uniform denoting one of his many ranks and regiments.*

From the austere Admiralty to the peaceful gardens of Downing Street, flags of the Empire form a colorful back-drop for the rows on rows of blue-clad "Bobbies" who smilingly rebuke the curious for their informal compliments on the Royal Ladies fluttering in the windows of the Guards Barracks above. Rigid as wooden soldiers in their black bearskin busbies, scarlet tunics and blue trousers, stand solemn companies of the five regiments of Foot Guards —Grenadier, Coldstream, Scots, Irish, Welsh—distinguishable only by slight variations in their plumes and the spacing of their shining buttons.

**Ceremony**—Suddenly their massed bands strike up "God Save the King"; a ripple of movement sweeps along the lines. Here and there a mount rears restlessly and is reined down. Then, down between the stolid ranks, two troops of the Household Cavalry and 1,500 men of the King's Guard ride out—the "Blues" (Horse Guards) dazzling in their gleaming plumed helmets and blue tunics tabbed with scarlet, the "Reds" (Life Guards) gay in the same colors reversed, with skin-tight white buckskin trousers, patent leather knee boots, and furbished cuirasses flashing in the sun.

When the colors have been carried slowly past, the King reviews his Guardsmen, who swing by him at "eyes right" as their bands play the regimental March-Pasts. Then the Parade is suddenly still. The King and his escort wheel into the lead. The massed bands strike up "Blue Devils," companies wheel, and lines spread out. The procession moves slowly between the shouting, cheering lines of spectators along the Mall to Buckingham Palace, where the Guard is changed and the throngs are treated to a half-hour concert by the Regimental Bands.

After that, Londoners who have come to make a day of it are left to their own devices for amusement and the dense crowds break up and wander off to parks, pubs, and cinemas, chatting comfortably and intimately about the private lives of their rulers.

This year they had a familiar subject to mull over, for their stream-lined Sovereign was no nearer bringing home a Queen than the last time he trooped the colors. And greengrocers knew what statesmen knew—that Lloyd's was offering ten to one that he wouldn't before his Coronation next May 12—thus calming the fears of souvenir-makers who didn't know whether to put two heads or one on their beer mugs.

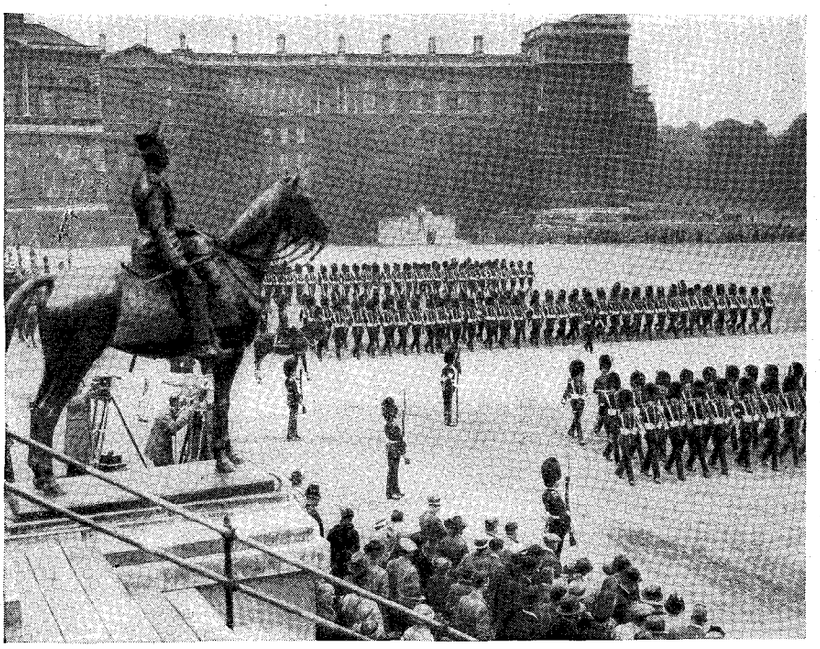
The object of all this good-natured match-making had planned his own equivalent of his subjects' picnics and movies. To luncheon and tea at Buckingham Palace he had asked members of his family; for evening he had planned a dinner for a few intimate friends at St. James's Palace.

It is at such friendly, unostentatious parties in his various homes that King Edward VIII endears himself to his intimates, and to the upper classes. Likewise he has endeared himself to miners, farmers and stevedores by traveling about the Empire, studying the plight of the underprivileged, hammering at Commons and the Government to do something to help them. For the King hates silk hats and gilded carriages and pomp, and is always grateful when he can wiggle out of corset-tight tunics and stiff-shirt ceremonials to become again a plain man.

**Democratic Assemblies**—Often he likes to steal away for a spot of tea at the quiet home of his good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Simpson, at Brayanston Court. At his own table he gathers masters of finance and down-at-the-heel scientists, Princesses and actresses—any one who has something to offer conversationally, and a sense of humor. For the Kingly office has its headaches, and, as Edward has so often reminded his fuss-budget Ministers, even a Monarch needs relaxation. It is bad enough not to be able to dine in public, dance as he used to, or slip away to the theater unnoticed; he insists that his best friends shall be welcome always at Fort Belvedere or in London.

And his Ministers are glad enough to let him have his way, because they know very well that he is closer to "the country"

*In addition to being Admiral of the Royal Navy, Field Marshal of the Army, and Air Marshal of the Royal Air Force, the present King holds, or held until his accession, commissions in the Prince of Wales Volunteers, the Prince of Wales Own Scinde Horse, the Fourth Prince of Wales Own Gurkha Rifles, the Twelfth Lancers, the Fifth Battalion of the Devonshire Regiment, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, the Seaforth Highlanders, the Middlesex Regiment, the Royal Scots Fusiliers, the Toronto Regiment; and Commander of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Chief of the Boy Scouts of Wales, and Colonel-in-Chief of the Horse Guards, the Life Guards, and the five Foot Guards regiments. The Royal Wardrobe includes some eighty new uniforms.



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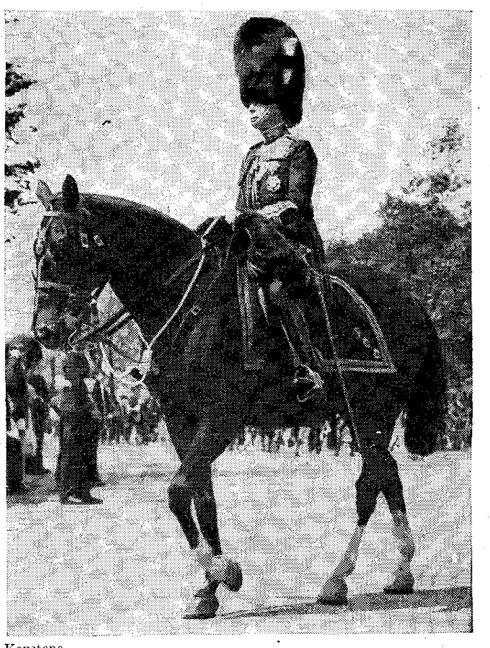

Keystone

British soldiers rehearse for trooping the colors on the birthday of their new King



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than they are. Chancellors may be only names in newspapers, but the people know the man who went with them through the War and the general strike, who covered the globe as Empire Salesman to help end their depression, who visited them in their cottages and hovels—the man who sets their styles, and flies a plane and falls off a horse and tells a good story, like any other fellow. He is *their* King—even more popular than his genial grandfather.

**Garden Worker**—They like him because he wears a black derby among Downing Street's top hats, because he hops about the Provinces without a frock coat, and because his tastes in people do not always run to titles and gold braid. And they get a kick out of knowing that when he is at Fort Belvedere, he bobs about in shabby slacks, pulling slugs and weeds out of his flower- and lettuce-beds, just like one of them.

Among the ample signs of his popularity is the fact that all ranks of the Army like him, from mess-boy to general. They are fond of remembering that when the War broke he insisted on leaving Oxford, that when he got into the Army after many a family scene he pleaded to be put in the trenches. Someone asked a venerable *Tommy Atkins* who helped train his Sovereign in those black years what he thought of Edward. He grinned.

"Well, there wasn't much of 'im, an' 'e didn't sye much; but, hin a manner of speakin', when 'e did open 'is mouth, 'e opened it."

## LION RETREATS: Anthony Eden Announces End of British Sanctions Policy

Britain has lost the war she never fought. Over a flushed, angry House of Commons one sultry afternoon last week Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden ran up the white flag. The country, he announced with the Cabinet behind him, must end sanctions.

"We have to admit that the purposes for which sanctions were imposed have not been realized."

"Coward!" roared Laborites. "Jelly-fish!"

The handsome young statesman paled, but went on: "So far as I am aware, no Ethiopian Government survives in any part of the Emperor's territory. That is the situation which has got to be faced. It is a situation which nothing but military action from outside the country could possibly reverse. Is there any country prepared to take such military action? Or is there any section of opinion in this country prepared to take such military action?" Irate hearers belied his rhetorical question. "Poltroons!" they yelled, "Flying fleas."

Mussolini's bluff of war—if bluff it was—had won. Thus Britain abandoned the economic weapon she crammed down League members' throats last autumn. Sanctions had lopped Italian imports 45 per cent. in the first quarter of this year, and cost British business men about $35,000,000. The coal ban, which kept Il Duce shivering in his marble-floored office in the Palazzo Venezia, cut the wages of 25,000 English miners. But, partly because no one dared impose an oil ban for fear of American competition, sanctions did not keep Italy from gobbling up Ethiopia.

When the young Foreign Secretary sat down to the encouraging pats of his fellow Ministers, the jeering Opposition sprang to the attack. Former Prime Minister David Lloyd George, white-haired but fiery as ever at seventy-three, could recall no such national humiliation since he entered the Commons in 1890. Britain and her Empire, he said, admitted defeat without firing a shot. In the crowded gallery, diplomats stepped back to permit Dino Grandi, Italy's Ambassador, to withdraw.

Acme

Alfred Duff Cooper, British War Minister (left): "It is the duty of those in authority to frighten the people of this country out of their wits"

"Fifty nations trusted us," the old man boomed. "They will not when they see the British Empire saying it can not go on. They will never trust this crowd."

Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin opined mildly that Britain would save the League, not kill it. He had blue-penciled Eden's attack on Germany—fear of which remains the only explanation for the British somersault—and now tossed the Reich an amazing bouquet.

Echoing Hitler, he said that Germany's troubles and the danger of communism explained the "régime founded on force."

"Chancellor Hitler has told us he wishes for peace, and if a man tells me that I wish to try it out. . . . The part Germany can play for good or evil is immense, and if we believe the opportunity is presented, let us do what we can to use it for good."

Altho the official debate soft-soaped the German menace, Ministers were not above using the argument outside the Commons. "The situation in Europe is far worse than it was in 1914," Alfred Duff Cooper, War Secretary, proclaimed. "It is the duty of those in authority to frighten the people of this country out of their wits."

Having led fifty League nations up the sanctions hill, Britain hoped to lead them all down again. Among the Dominions Canada and Australia quickly swung into line, altho South Africa and New Zealand balked. French Socialists, unwilling to knife Geneva themselves, promised to stand behind Mr. Eden.

Rome rejoiced at London's capitulation. "Traditional common sense of the British," the *Tribuna* gloated, "has finally returned, reality overcoming the superficial ideology of the League of Nations." The semiofficial *Temps* in Paris found Britain "convinced a settlement with Italy would be easier and give more immediate results, at the price of sacrificing her *amour propre*, than a settlement with Germany."

In Britain, most Tory papers backed the Cabinet. *The Times*, which supports any government as far as possible, immediately ridiculed sanctions, which it had advocated all year. Yet the Conservative *Daily Express* echoed Westminster hecklers: "Anthony Eden would have done better . . . if he had stoutly defended his own sincere beliefs and ended by announcing his own resignation."

## WHITES AT BAY: South Africa's British Prepare for War or Black Insurrection

Rich and isolated, British South Africa's handful of whites has been obsessed for decades by fear of a rising among the millions of blacks to the north of them or of an invasion by a covetous foreign power.

Chief drummer-up of this alarm currently is Oswald Pirow, the Dominion's forty-six-year-old Minister of Defense and of Railways, Harbors and Airways.

Sooner or later, in his opinion, Central Africa's swarming natives, largely militarized by France, Italy and Belgium, will go shrieking southward with spear and gun unless the 2,000,000 whites take precautions. Moreover, he feels that Italy's conquest of Ethiopia not only has brought this insurrection nearer at hand but has blasted the sweet dream of collective League security.

Last week this magnetized fear was mainly the basis of a far-reaching defense program which brought Minister Pirow to London for important conferences with imperial officials. Briefly, this was his plan; in return for naval defense by Britain, the Union of South Africa would undertake the protection of the colonies as far north as Ethiopia.

But to naval strategists these conferences involved a lot of shrewd bargaining by South Africa with the future lines of imperial sea defense at stake. Italy's reenforced foothold in Africa had made the Mediterranean route to India and Egypt—the "lifeline of empire"—untenable from a point of view of naval strategy. In consequence England must establish an alternate route the old Cape of Good Hope way.

**Vital Station**—The key point of this sea communication is Cape Town, which through rerouting of ships because of the Ethiopian War already has regained some of its pre-Suez Canal prosperity. It is the base of the British South African fleet; the Admiralty wants to build there a naval station perhaps greater than that at Singapore.

Plans call for fortification of Robben Island, a former leper station two miles outside the harbor; enlargement of Table Bay; replacement of obsolete guns overlooking the bay; expansion of the present base at Simonstown, thirty miles across the neck of the peninsula, and conversion of Saldanha Bay, seventy-five north, into a sea-plane station. London would also expand Port Louis, island of Mauritius, the only naval base on Africa's east coast.

Britain, however, failed to reserve its naval rights fully when South Africa obtained Dominion status in 1909. Hence, Minister Pirow is demanding a price for

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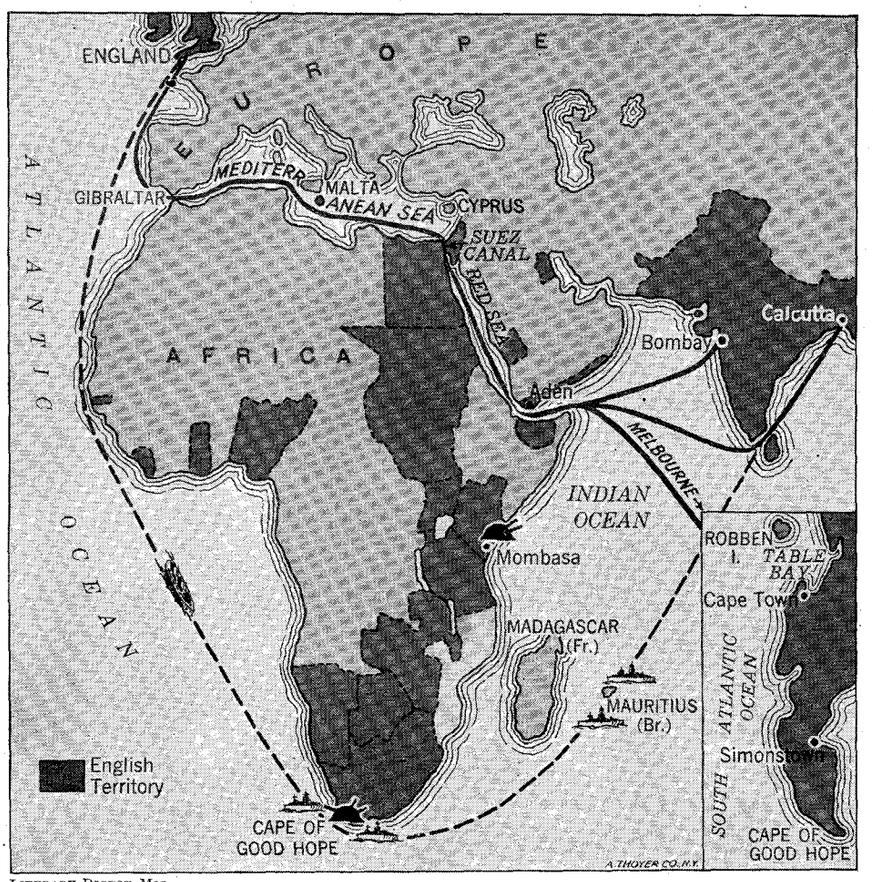


LITERARY DIGEST Map

**Because of Italy's Ethiopian conquest, Great Britain has made plans to establish an alternate route around the Cape of Good Hope, to the Orient, and to strengthen her fortifications at Mauritius, Mombasa and the Cape**

his approval to all these improvements. His terms are said to be the surrender of the adjacent British protectorates of Swaziland, Bechuanaland and Basutoland; recognition of the Union's right to share in the near-by Portuguese colonies if Portugal is compelled to yield them; expenditures of huge sums for armaments, and reservation of the right not to join England in war.

The Dominion official, who likes to apply military methods to civil life, reported to the Imperial Defense Committee that South Africa already had its land security program under way in 1934.

**Aviation Program**—The spear-head of this program is an air force, for which Pirow hopes to have 1,000 pilots in five years. Both for coastal defense and against native risings he is putting his faith in aviation. He wants a four-and-a-half-day commercial sea-plane service down the east coast; where at Mombasa (Kenya colony) a fort is being erected, and overland communications, for which he is conferring with Imperial Airways officials.

Military roads, powerful searchlights, an antitank corps, machine-gun regiments, 100,000 reserve riflemen and fortifications are embraced in the program, involving millions of pounds.

**Experts' View-Points**—"From a strategic view-point Cape Town is in as good a position as Malta, and possesses the inestimable advantage of being remote from potentially hostile territory," writes Hector C. Bywater, reputed mouthpiece of the Admiralty, in the London *Daily Telegraph*. "Reinforcements could reach the Pacific more quickly from Cape Town than from Malta.

"Voyages would be proportionately longer and more expensive—tho the heavier fuel bill would be offset in part by the saving in canal dues. These facts should suffice to explode the untenable notion that the closing of the Mediterranean route would spell national ruin."

## ANGRY PORTUGAL: Idea of Giving Colonies to Hitler Arouses President-Dictator

Last month, on the tenth anniversary of Marshal Carmona as President of Portugal, Premier Salazar, the President-Dictator's right-hand man, bitterly denounced rumors that England means to let Hitler grab Portuguese colonies in Africa.

Anger flared in the dark, restless eyes of the President's mouthpiece. He recalled how, only a few months before, when faced with Italian threats in the Mediterranean, Britain had sent out feelers on the intention to use Portuguese harbors for her fleet. England wanted to build an airport in Algarve Province and dispatch 10,000 troops to Mozambique (Portuguese East Africa) to ward off Italian invasion of Kenya from Ethiopia on the north.

**British Stake**—But a faint smile mantled Carmona's face last week when Salazar greeted him in the imposing audience chamber of the Presidential Palace at Belem, a Lisbon suburb. Deft at figures, Salazar fished out a pencil and calculated that Englishmen had at least $120,000,000 invested in Portuguese enterprises (Portugal's colonies in Africa and Asia export yearly $23,000,000 in raw materials and cover more than 800,000 square miles in area—twenty-six times the size of the homeland). It is not likely, was the intimation, that England will risk her share.

Since Marshal Antonio Oscar de Fragoso Carmona became virtual ruler ten years ago, the little President of Portugal has found in Dr. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, whom he lifted from an economics professorship to Premier and Minister of Finance, his main prop and ally. Salazar's budget for the past seven years has shown gratifying surpluses. Stoutly upholding his chief, tho he himself is unpopular with the Army, Salazar agrees that Portugal should continue under "a dictatorship without a dictator."

The machine of the reticent, iron-fisted Salazar moves efficiently, building modern highways, wiping out the national debt, modernizing the Army and Navy and facilitating tourist trade. So thoroughgoing are his methods that a foreign visitor's report of a flea in his room costs a hotel owner a $25 fine.

**Power Increased**—By discarding the old Parliament, Carmona's new constitution, *Estado Novo* (new régime), introduced in January, 1935, extends the presidential term from four to seven years. He allows himself to appoint and dismiss ministers and dissolve Parliament "in the country's interest."

He is "advised" by the Council of State, by the President of the National Assembly (elected by the people), by the head of the Supreme Court, by five men of "supreme competence" whom he names for life, and by the President of the Corporative Chamber. The latter body is made up of representatives of municipal authorities and social interests, who alone may introduce measures and report them to the Assembly.

Framed by Carmona and his Premier,

Keystone

**Portugal's powerful rulers: Premier Salazar (left) and President Carmona**

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the Constitution is a compromise between dictatorship and parliamentarism, allowing the President to rule at the will of family heads and the Army; lower classes are denied the vote because some 60 per cent. of them are illiterate. The new régime also wipes out Portugal's party system.

With the radical Popular Front triumphant in neighboring Spain, Carmona's frontier guards are busy keeping out agitators and refugees who threaten to foment an anti-fascist front against the conservative dictatorship.

## FRENCH TUG OF WAR:

### Blum Orders Fascists Disarmed, Despite Threat of Civil Conflict

Leon Blum last week dissolved by decree the Fascist leagues of France. The banned groups, whom the Socialist Premier accused of inspiring armed demonstrations, organizing in a semimilitary manner, and plotting a forcible overthrow of the Republic, were the Patriot Youth, French Solidarity, Francists and the Croix de Feu.

Col. Francois de la Rocque, fiery veteran of Lyautey's Moroccan campaign and head of the Croix de Feu, howled "Socialist and Communist dictatorship! In the name of more than 1,000,000 men and women, I can not accept the decree." He issued a manifesto dark with vague threats. "The Croix de Feu enters its decisive period equipped for the greatest of tasks. . . . We shall soon bring about a renovation by Frenchmen of a strong and reconciled France. . . . We shall envisage without flinching all the consequences of our action."

To the Left, the outburst presaged a march on Paris and civil war. Altho the Fascists, originally War veterans decorated for valor under fire, wear civilian clothes, with a tricolored arm-band as their only insignia, they march behind their bareheaded leader with a martial air. Their enemies accuse them of owning a well-stocked armory—but after months of wrangling have not proved the charge.

The Baltimore *Sun* pointed out that conceivably the Colonel was "merely talking through his hat. . . . Yet, since action is essential to the ultimate purpose of the Fascist messiah, it may be that this time de la Rocque . . . was really warning the country that he was preparing to strike."

**Premier Under Fire**—The gaping question was only one more nightmare for Blum, the scholarly doctrinaire who worked feverishly to transform his theories into action. In the Senate, bitter attack greeted his forty-hour-week bill. Speakers warned its application to government employees would mean an extra $65,000,000 burden on the State. But the Socialists, who found the Treasury empty when they took over, wrung a financial victory from Bank of France officials. By promising not to nationalize the bank, they wangled a $650,000,000 credit. The loan will be covered by an issue of cheap bonds, in the attempt to lure back some of the $3,948,000,000 hoarded in peasants' woolen socks or invested abroad for safety.

Former Premier Joseph Caillaux led the Senate assault on Blum's measures. The bald, strong-jawed financial expert jeered

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Col. Francois de la Rocque: his marching activities as Fascist leader are decreed ended

at "Lilliputian Rooseveltism," indicating he had little faith in the original. Adjusting his monocle he swirled toward the Socialist leader. "Your ideas are always generous," he cried, "but perhaps they are not suited to the necessities of French life." At the height of the debate, France's first Jewish Premier injected dryly: "I have been compared to Hitler. I did not expect *that* honor."

In spite of heated arguments, Senators approved by smashing majorities the forty-hour week, vacations with pay, and collective bargaining.

**Strikes Continue**—As the measures passed, many heroes of the "folded arms" strike straggled back to work in Paris. Throughout the country and in North Africa, however, a quarter-million lounged in hotels or factories, averse equally to working or going home. Mme. Gabrielle Chanel, dress designer, balked at reopening her shop. She could not meet the pay increases demanded, she said, and offered to turn over her business for employees to run. Meanwhile authorities postponed a public pageant called "France at Work."

Yet Blum stedfastly refused to use police against the strikers. Critics feared that his quick capitulation to their demands might stir up future class warfare. In Belgium and Spain, too, in spite of Left victories at the polls, Government officials proved powerless to keep their proletarian followers at work. Thus labor disorders darkened western Europe with twin threats of fascism and revolution.

Premier Paul Van Zeeland of Belgium, non-partizan head of an uneasy coalition Cabinet of six Socialists, four Roman Catholics, and three Liberals, refused to treat the workers with Blum's benevolent non-interference. At his orders police wielded batons. Soldiers with bristling bayonets faced mobs in mining regions, seaports, and industrial towns. Street fights and violence resulted, but in the end the half-million strikers won their demands, echoes of the victorious Frenchmen's.

In Spain, too, Left-Wing leaders were forced to call out police and troops. Since their electoral victory last February, Jose Maria Gil Robles, lawyer and Catholic leader, told the Cortes, the country had suffered 340 strikes attended by 269 violent deaths. The Government, he raged, "impotent to maintain order, is leading Spain to ruin."

## SWEDISH UPSET: Nation of Middle Way Happiness Gets New Premier

Undisturbed in a Europe torn between communists and fascists, Sweden pursues the stolid Scandinavian middle way.

For the last four years Per Albin Hansson, Socialist Premier, has ruled the country by a happy compromise between socialism and capitalism. With only 102 votes in a Parliament of 230, he had to depend on the Agrarians' 37 for his majority. Last week Agrarians, fearing public gratitude might swing the round-faced ex-errand boy back to power at the parliamentary elections in September, maneuvered to oust him.

Swedes owed him much. By hoisting death duties and property taxes, the Premier inaugurated a bold public works program which cut the unemployed from 190,000 to 50,000—fewer than 1 per cent. of the population.

Under his régime the State, which had always claimed ownership of most of the waterfalls, operated power plants at a profit, and supplied electricity to the public at two cents a kilowatt hour. Private companies, forced to meet the Government's price yardstick, sold so much cheap power that winter-darkened Sweden became one of the most electrified countries in the world.

**Other Revenues**—Government-owned forests, sawmills, railways and iron-mines relieved taxpayers by supplying a fifth of the country's $250,000,000 yearly income.

The country also has a State monopoly of tobacco and alcohol; a large part of the $50,000,000 liquor proceeds goes for temperance propaganda.

Gradually under socialist leaders, who preach evolution and reform rather than revolution, the country vanquished her depression and made the living standard one of the world's highest.

For all this prosperity, Swedes credited the simple Premier who continued riding to work on a street-car. But Agrarians, who had given him the necessary votes in exchange for farm-aid projects, grew sick of the political barter they call Kohandel—cow trading. They went for Per Albin's ruddy skin.

They found an excuse in the fear of war. Swedes, staring nervously across the gray Baltic toward the rearming Reich, clamored for greater defense expenditures. Per Albin, internationalist and pacifist, offered to raise last year's $29,250,000 to $32,000,000. Center Parties wanted $31,000,000; Conservatives cried for $40,000,000.

Axel Pehrsson i Bramstorp, Agrarian leader and a real dirt farmer from the opulent orchards and wheat-fields of southern Sweden, saw his chance. The

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husky six-footer deserted the Premier and swung his strength to the Center.

Last week Per Albin knew he was doomed. Rather than fall on the arms problem, however, he switched to a more popular issue, offering to provide $37,000,000 for defense if Parliament would vote $1,250,000 more for old age pensions. Legislators passed the arms increase—which might buy a few planes, but could not add one regiment to the Army. They balked

Wide World

Axel Pehrsson i Bramstorp, a real dirt farmer . . . saw his chance and took it

at raising pensions. Per Albin immediately resigned.

King Gustaf, on the eve of celebrating his seventy-eighth birthday last week, asked Pehrsson to form a Cabinet. The fifty-three-year-old politician undertook the job enthusiastically, and succeeded in forming a Center Coalition Ministry. Down on his fortified square farm he used to boast that there was only one job he could not perform—a midwife's.

## FLAMING CHINA: Its War-Lords Quarrel on Issue of Fighting Japan

Chiang Kai-shek clings to a doubtful dictatorship of China through an uncanny ability to deal with rival war-lords. His success usually lies in dealing with one at a time. In this way he is able to keep nominal control over the greater part of the politically-rent country.

Last week, however, Marshal Chiang had the exhausting task of dealing with several quarreling war-lords at once, with the Japanese to boot.

In the south the rulers of the semiautonomous Provinces of Kwantung and Kwangsi jabbed angrily at him. They had demanded that he lead a national war against Japan. To force his hand they started armies on the march north. Such a war, Chiang insists, would be a calamity. He suspects that actually their concern is to drive out not Japan, but Marshal Chiang.

Chiang's most immediate problem, tho, was how to separate the Kwantung and Kwangsi war-lords. Gen. Chen Chia-tang, Kwantung ruler, is apparently less anxious to press for the war than Li Tsung-jen and Pai Chung-hsi, joint rulers of poorer Kwangsi.

Capitalizing on this fact, Chiang pushed desperate negotiations to forestall their march. From day to day, in accordance with the developments of the parleys, the southerners halted or advanced their armies in southern Hunan Province.

The Nanking dictator concentrated his persuasive powers on the Kwantung chief. Reports from Canton stated he had offered General Chen several million dollars in cash and a promise of control over Kwangsi. Chen, however, fears that once Chiang has disposed of Generals Li and Pai, he will tackle him next.

Chiang, taking no chances of duplicity from either side, massed 70,000 of his best troops on the Kwantung-Kwangsi frontiers. Minor clashes between the Nanking and Kwangsi troops took place, but to prevent a major encounter, which might start the civil war, the main forces retired.

By setting the southern war-lords against each other, or at least holding them off until July 10, the Central Government chieftain hopes to checkmate their designs. At that time the Kuomintang (National) Party, the governing body of China, will discuss the question of war with Japan.

**Chances for War**—The decision of the Party, for war or peace, Chiang believes, will carry the national will, thus saving him the responsibility of personal action under the pressure of the southern insurgents. Kwangsi secret agents in Shanghai, however, foresaw clever shelving of the whole matter, a step which would lead the southerners to war against the Nanking Government. They set the chances of an outbreak of hostilities within thirty days at between 70 and 80 per cent.

If war comes, the Kwantung-Kwangsi leaders say they will count on a general rising of other war-lords throughout China, pointing to repressed anti-Japanese feelings everywhere.

Kwantung alone can throw into the field an army of 250,000 well-equipped soldiers. It also has a powerful air force and a navy. Two arsenals have been lately equipped with the latest European munitions.

Kwangsi has another 150,000 men. To these forces the formidable Chinese Communist Army in the western Province of Szechuan, arch-enemy of Japan, would add an estimated 500,000 troops.

Intensifying its military and political activity in North China, Japan played directly into the hands of war proponents. Already in complete control of the northern area, the Japanese military turned to Shantung, sacred Province where Confucius was born. This, it was believed, would be added to the second Japanese-dominated political group around Peiping—the East Hopei semiautonomous Government under Yin Ju-keng.

**Publicist's View**—Writing in the New York *Times*, Nathaniel Peffer, expert on Far Eastern affairs, predicted that Japan would carve out a bigger empire in China, putting Henry Pu-yi, currently Emperor of Manchukuo, back on the Manchu Throne of his forefathers at Peiping.

To prevent this, he added, "there remains only a desperate tidal reaction by the Chinese people, and this is nearer now than it has been at any time since the taking of Manchuria in 1931. The climax in China may strike before the end of summer."

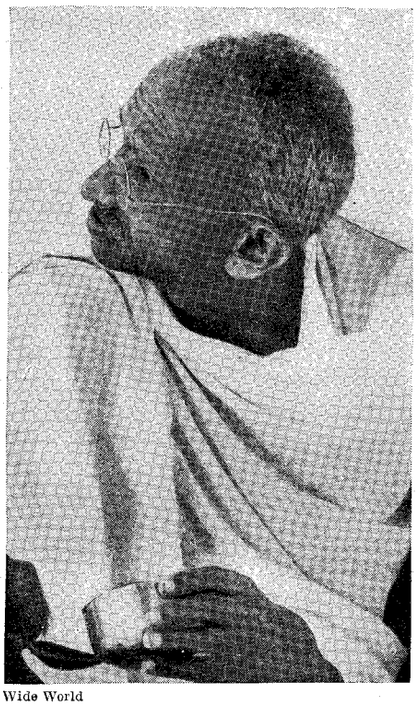
## POWER IN INDIA: Gandhi Meditates on Course; Socialists Buck British Constitution

"A good general never discloses his plans until the day of action. America must wait until then. Then it will see for itself what I am doing. For the present I must detach myself from the outer world and meditate."

Last week Mahatma Gandhi, India's champion of liberty, received James A. Mills, Associated Press correspondent, in his humble hut in the heart of the "untouchable" quarter of Delhi.

Still venerated as a saint by India's masses, the Mahatma last year retired from active leadership of the Nationalist Party in order to educate the working classes and down-trodden peasants who feed on rice to sustain their scrawny, rag-covered bodies. Spiritually, he secluded himself to brood over the causes of his failure to win his country's independence and to plan for future action.

Realizing that the demand of Hindu leaders for a democracy is incompatible with their attitude of looking down upon the untouchables, Gandhi believes that



Wide World

Mahatma Gandhi . . . keeps his plans to himself

Britain must continue to "police" the country until Indians are ready for self-rule.

**Mahatma's Diet**—Gandhi lives an ascetic life, devoted to the destitute, hard-worked masses, and content with his loin-cloth and spiritual exercises. Morning and evening he takes his daily walks and nourishes his wiry, spent body on goat's milk, almond paste and tomato salad.

Unlike Gandhi, Jawaharlal Nehru, his successor as leader of the All-India Nationalist Congress, believes that the only "solution for India's problems lies in socialism, involving vast revolutionary changes." Nehru urges Indians to deadlock legislation by voting against British measures.

"My life-work is ruined," Gandhi said of his successor's program. "Not even the

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firmness and repression of the British Government have harmed my work as much as the policy outlined by Nehru."

As anxious as India's 350,000,000 people to probe Gandhi's secret plans is the Marquess of Linlithgow, Scottish peer who became Viceroy this year. Facing a turbulent Nationalist Party, Linlithgow next year will institute India's new British-made Constitution, which provides for a parliamentary government by a series of compromises in favor of India's minorities, mostly the sixty million Moslems.

**Money Gets the Vote**—The new charter grants each Province a Legislature whose lower body will elect members to the lower Federal House in Delhi. Based on property qualifications, it excludes millions of the shabbily-clothed, undernourished low castes from voting. Members of the Federal Upper House are to be chosen by a small electorate of 100,000 with large property rights.

To placate Moslems, who fear Hindu dominance, the Constitution grants them almost as many seats in the Federal Legislature, which will exercise no control in India's foreign and defense affairs. Another clause gives the British rulers full authority in case of a breakdown in the constitutional machinery.

Knowing that neither Gandhi nor Nehru's Nationalists cherish the new Constitution, Lord Linlithgow is watchful of the two rivals' next move.

## LAWRENCE WINS: France Frees Syria, as Britain Kept Pledge to Iraq

Twenty years have passed since a sun-browned Englishman lined up desert sheiks under the Union Jack—to break the Crescent's hold on the Near East. The romantic T. E. Lawrence won Moslems to Britain during the World War with the promise of an independent Arabia.

Sold out at Versailles, where statesmen carved up the north end of the Arabian Peninsula and later split it between France and Britain, Lawrence tossed aside one of the century's most promising careers, to die as Aircraftsman Shaw. In 1927 Britain belatedly made amends for the broken word by granting independence to her mandate, Iraq.

Acme

Count Damien de Martel: his work as High Commissioner of Syria is finished

Last week France's Socialist leader made good the rest of Lawrence's promise. Premier Leon Blum approved treaties which would establish Syria and Lebanon as independent States, allied to France. Lebanon, historically part of Syria, is an artificial division of French origin.

**Long Fight**—Throughout its long history Syria was never really free. Sixteen hundred years before Christ, Jews seized it from the Hittites. Egyptians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians, Macedonians, and Roman imperialists had all claimed it before the Arab Califate triumphed there in 600 A. D. In 1918, British and Arab warriors captured it from the nine-hundred-year rule of the Turks.

Embittered by the broken promise and the privileges of neighboring Iraq, Moslem leaders clamored against French rule. For eight riotous months they boycotted French industry and the Government.

Count Damien de Martel, the French High Commissioner, feared a violent uprising. Last Spring he persuaded Arab leaders to send delegates to Paris. In the peaceful Quai d'Orsay, they found amenable officials.

Yet tho France granted freedom, she planned to keep a finger in the countries' economic pie, by establishing a joint commission to deal with trade questions. She also hoped to keep Syrian currency pegged to the wobbly franc. French troops, now 13,000 strong in the Near East, will remain there to guard the country against attack.

**Movement Gains**—The Syrian victory encouraged the whole Pan-Arab movement last week. In Paris, *L'Intransigeant* gaily foretold that the Levantine States "would reinforce France's position at Geneva, as she would be able to rely on two extra votes."

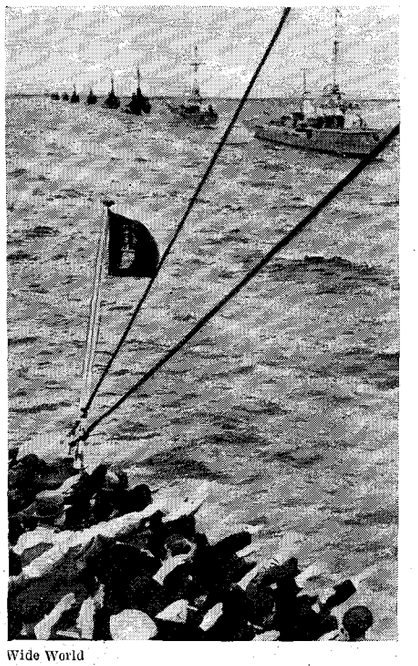
## GERMAN SEA STRENGTH: Complete Defense System Includes Resurrected Navy, Air Base, Forts

Stringing war-ships and mines across the North Sea, the Allies effectively bottled up Germany during the World War. The inner and outer blockade cut off food supplies and raw materials, kept all but undersea craft in safe harbors, and brought ironic fate to the fabled High Seas Fleet.

This may never happen again. To keep the North Sea open in the next war German naval strategists have evolved an elaborate plan of land and water defense. The plan, reported last week by Augur, well-informed New York *Times* correspondent in London, received a test in naval maneuvers just concluded in the presence of Chancellor Hitler.

**New Strategy**—Photographs of the war games taken by an aviator for a Western Power revealed the nature of the new strategy, which Augur said, is "intent on proving that the resurrected navy, despite the nominal restrictions of the Anglo-German Treaty, will a few years hence be able to give the swastika flag absolute predominance not only in the Baltic but also in the North Sea."

The chief feature of this scheme is an air-base at the Frisian Islands, near the Dutch border, designed to halt an enemy fleet at the entrance to the North Sea. According to Augur, this base was inspired by the experience of the British fleet in the Mediterranean Sea during the Italo-Ethiopian War. Faced by a threatened massed air-attack of Italian planes from land airdromes in Sicily, Britain hurriedly withdrew the fleet from Malta.



Wide World

Germany's eyes are turned toward her fleet

Realizing the value of land planes to harry war-ships, the German experts promptly discovered the new strategic importance of the Frisians. Thereupon they elaborated a complete defense system for the North and Baltic Sea regions.

**Fortifications** — Coastal fortifications and speedy submarines and torpedo carriers figure importantly in these plans. Helgoland, storied fortress of World War days, already is heavily fortified, tho in violation of the Versailles Treaty. There an advance base is planned for the small craft which will give the new German fleet freedom of movement at sea. Covering the approaches to Helgoland Bight, extensive mine fields will prevent a repetition of the inner blockade of the German coast during the War.

The program likewise envisages prevention of the outer blockade by developing a plan of offensive operations along the indented coast of Norway. This coast-line lends itself admirably to maneuvers by the light, speedy vessels of the new fleet. By such operations Britain in the next war would be cut off not only from Scandinavia but from Russia as well.

"Hitler has gone the way of Wilhelm," says Augur. "Hitler now is captivated by the idea of carrying German power across the oceans to the ends of the world.

"It can be understood easily how the splendid mirage of naval achievement captivates the imagination of Hitler whom the naval men now treat as war-lord. The near future will show if saner counsels and diplomatic advisers still will be able to swing the Fuehrer toward a saner conception of the world situation that does not depend on naval maneuvers alone."

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# DIET BASED ON MILK AS TOOTH-BUILDER

## Science by Accident Discovers Regimen Assuring Soundness

Children—in wholesale numbers—receive dental treatment at the Murray and Leonie Guggenheim Dental Clinic in New York

"Why don't you have your teeth looked at?"

Robert Moses (Lefty) Grove pondered the question. A year before he had been one of baseball's greatest pitchers, but he was through; his arm pained him so that he could scarcely throw a baseball. In desperation, he took his friend's advice, and had two molars pulled. To-day he is enjoying one of his greatest seasons. Happy ending, yes—except that he now has two "store teeth"; if he had gulped his quart of milk a day as a boy, he might have been spared the whole ordeal.

Because more than 110,000,000 Americans have neglected milk and other teeth-building foods, 60,000 dentists to-day are treating 600,000 people daily—an almost endless struggle to bring relief to the nine out of ten who need it. And the tide of dental decay is sweeping not only the United States, but all other so-called civilized countries.

Last week, at Rochester, New York, the American Association for the Advancement of Science heard of this scourge, more far-reaching than the Black Plague, from the lips of ten staff scientists of the University of Rochester's School of Medicine. In New York City, Dr. John Oppie McCall, Director of the four-year-old Murray and Leonie Guggenheim Dental Clinic, told a story that had a 100 per cent. happy ending.

**Weak Heart Cured**—Panic-stricken parents had brought to him a five-year-old boy whose heart action was so bad they had to carry him in a chair. An examination showed that the youngster did not have a single tooth free from disease; so out they came. Two months later his heart was as sound as ever, but that was not the best part of the story: Placed on a proper diet, the boy grew a second set of teeth that probably will never need to be tinkered with.

As proof of their theory that diet is all-important, dental surgeons cite the backward, uncivilized peoples, like the Uganda blacks, whose teeth thrive on a diet of milk, fresh ox-blood, and meat; or the Eskimos, with their simple fare of meat, blubber, and sea food.

Tooth decay, they admit, is no new problem. Even the many-toothed dinosaur, wallowing in his Jurassic swamp, suffered. The great jungle apes and sharks of the South Seas had dental troubles, and the fabled cave-man must have howled with the pain of an aching jaw, judging by the holey molars found in prehistoric skulls.

But gradually peoples worked out their own "ideal" diets—finding through trial and error those best suited to their peculiar needs. These diets varied—as in the case of Africans and Eskimos to-day—according to climate and mode of living; and Nature seemed to supply in sufficient abundance the foods most needed. Thus Hawaiians ate quantities of *taro*, a root vegetable similar to the potato; raw, leafy vegetables; unprocessed juice of the sugar cane, and milk. They had sound teeth and healthy bodies, because that diet agreed with them.

**Hawaiian Tragedy**—Then came the white man, with his hulled rice and milled white flour, and the easy-going Hawaiians began to lose their beautiful white teeth in a generation, repeating all over again the tragedy that had long before overtaken Europe, Asia, and the Americas. That tragedy convinced scientists who studied it that sound teeth could be grown only where distinct social, geographical and climatic areas had worked out diets ideal to their peculiar needs.

But the white races have not yet had time to do that: refinements in the preparation and processing of foods, and the discovery of new foods and new ways to use them, have been too rapid. The coming of the can-opener as a major kitchen utensil aggravated the evil, and the movement from the land to the cities, with their corner drug store luncheonettes and waist-slimming diet fads, further widened the gap between common sense and practise.

And scientists have been handicapped in their search for the "perfect" civilized foods by the fact that they do not positively know what foods in what forms decay teeth. Some blame lack of vitamins, minerals, proteins and alkaline ash; others point to too much sugar or acid-forming bacteria in the mouth as the real culprits.

One of the best-known teeth-building diets now in use was hit upon more or less by accident. Dr. Charles L. Drain and Dr. Julian Deigh Boyd, of the Children's Hospital, Iowa City, Iowa, were making some tests in 1928 to improve the food regimens of diabetic children. They noted that the diet they evolved unexpectedly arrested decay of their young patients' teeth. Elated, they tried the diet on non-diabetic children, and discovered that it would halt decay already begun, and prevent new cavities from developing.

**Diets Outlined**—The essentials of the Boyd-Drain diet are one quart of milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of cod liver oil, one ounce of butter, one orange, one or more servings of succulent vegetables or fruits; candy after meals but at no other time—as the daily fare. For hungry children, other foods are permitted as desired, after the essentials have been eaten. Meat is added to the diet for the age span three to five, and the list is further swelled for the seven-to-sixteen bracket, as also for adults.

The adult fare includes:

1 quart milk
1 or 2 eggs
1 serving meat, fish, chicken, or liver
2 vegetables*
1 orange (or apple) (or tomato)
1 additional fruit
1 teaspoon cod liver oil
6 teaspoons butter

Acceptable additional foods for adults include bread, cereal and potatoes. Listed as undesirable are spices, coffee, tea, soft drinks, pop-corn, rich pastries, nuts, dried meats, dried beans, dried foods, wieners, pickles. Use of sugar should be sparing.

**Childhood Problem**—The crux of the problem, Doctor McCall believes, is to reach the children in time. In youngsters, he points out, tooth decay can be prevented; the best adults can hope to do is arrest decay and save their remaining good teeth. At the Guggenheim Clinic, on New York's Upper East Side, this tireless dental surgeon treats only poor children who can not pay for care anywhere else, and he has seen veritable miracles performed through treating and extracting diseased teeth. He has seen his little patients recover promptly from rheumatic fever, St. Vitus dance, kidney disease, anemia, general debility and just plain crankiness.

His gravest problem, he says, has to do with careless parents who "laugh off" rotting baby teeth by saying that "it doesn't matter; he will get new ones." He will, but the chances are they will be crooked, badly formed and easy prey to decay. The reason is that baby teeth mold the jaw—"keep the place" for the second teeth. If there isn't room, the latter come in higgledy-piggledy, and soon decay so that a baby tooth lost may frequently mean a permanent tooth lost.

To mothers, children and adults generally who want to prevent or check decay,

*Both vegetables may be chosen from Class I (lettuce, tomatoes, spinach, celery, cauliflower, string beans, asparagus, chard, cabbage), but only one should be chosen from Class II (peas, carrots, beets, turnips, parsnips, onions, rutabagas, eggplant, squash).



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most dental scientists recommend the Boyd-Drain diet. They do not know what particular item or items in it prevent tooth decay, but they know that the system works. Doctor McCall insists that bad teeth could be almost completely stamped out in a single generation if mothers would begin following the Iowa City food regimen before their babies are born, sticking to it afterward themselves, and holding their families rigidly to it.

## METEOR CHASER: Expert Finds No Record of Any Human Casualty in Fall

More people have been bashed over the head by falling electric signs than have been felled by meteorites. Yet the average person walks confidently under tons of glass and metal every day, and takes to his cellar whenever "shooting-stars" rip across the sky. Either he's never been told or won't believe that of all the thousands of meteorites that have spattered the earth every year, not one has yet struck either a building or an individual, so far as the record shows.

**Alarm Unconquered**—Fear of sudden death apparently can not be overcome by statistics, however. With the possible exception of earthquakes and volcanoes, no earthly phenomenon can stir up so much excitement as a meteor. Or lead to so many false reports, H. H. Nininger, Secretary of the four-year-old Society for Research on Meteorites, told its members at this week's meeting in Los Angeles.

Mr. Nininger, who is also Curator of Meteorites at the Colorado Museum of Natural History, in Denver, and boasts one of the finest collections in America, is always chasing meteors. Just let one light anywhere in the country, and he is off after fragments. What he finds are mostly wild tales and amusing anecdotes.

Farmers troop in with grimy bits of rock, carefully wrapped in newspapers, and guaranteed to have been picked up "in my own pasture." Plumbers, barbers, truck-drivers and quavering old ladies fetch their odd-looking chunks, and earnest little boys arrive with shiny blobs of broken bottles, chips of granite, even fragments of paving-brick. It's hard to convince them that their baubles aren't meteorites.

**Elusive Mass**—And harder to convince them that they didn't really see a star fall. Two years ago, an unusually large meteor swept across five Midwestern States, landing somewhere in Oklahoma. Next day newspapers from North Dakota to Kansas were besieged. "A meteor just landed in my yard!" The exact landing-spot hasn't yet been found.

Where meteorites come from, and why, is still largely a matter of conjecture. For centuries all except the more superstitious refused to believe that they came from the sky. As late as 1807, an American President called a Yale professor a liar for insinuating any such thing. The professor, Dr. Benjamin Silliman, had authenticated a meteor that landed near Weston, Connecticut, as having come from the upper air. Thomas Jefferson, himself something of a scientist, exploded: "Gentlemen, I would rather believe that a Yankee professor would lie than to believe that stones fell from heaven."

**Mystery Unexplained** — To-day no one doubts that meteorites come from the sky, but astronomers still disagree as to their origin. Most widely accepted theories:

1. They are the broken-up heads of old comets, still following in the comets' orbits around the sun, falling on the earth when it gets too near.

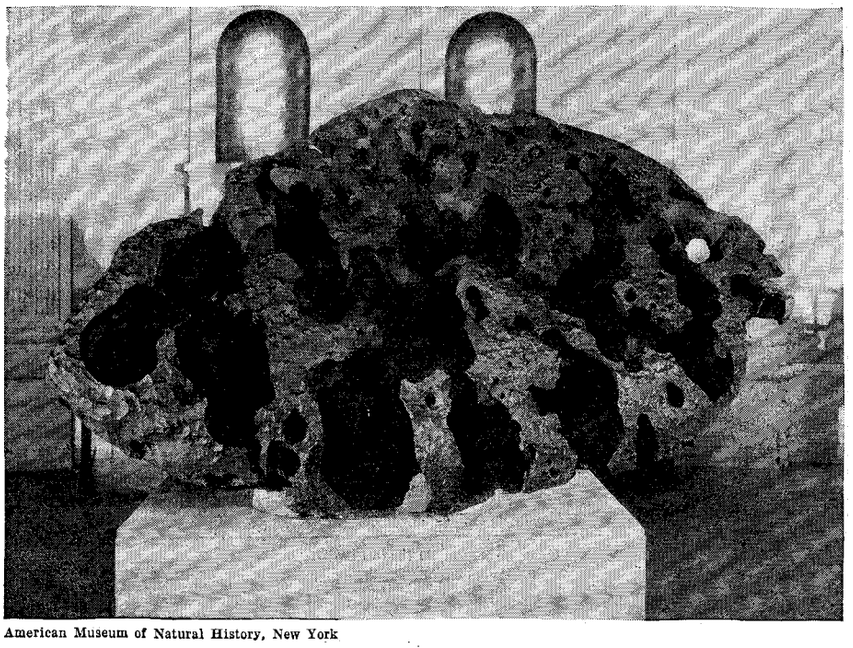
2. All space is filled with them, going helter-skelter in all directions.

3. They are little planets, flying erratic orbits around the sun; probably debris left over when the big planets and asteroids were formed in ages past.

Rocketing down to meet the earth's atmosphere at eight to forty-four miles an hour, a big meteorite usually begins to "burn" fifty to seventy-five miles above ground, tho the air is so thin up there no balloon could float in it. Friction at such speed sets the ball on fire, transforming more energy into light, heat and noise in a few seconds than a volcano in as many hours. As the "shooting-star" blazes its eery trail across the sky, the rim melts and blows off so fast that the core hasn't time to get warm. That is why meteorites are sometimes picked up stone cold a few minutes after landing.

Meteor students have not yet agreed on a name. Some call it a meteor while it's in the air, a meteorite after it strikes the ground. Mr. Nininger suggests calling the masses meteorites and the light phenomena meteors.

The funniest anecdote he knows about them has to do with an aviator who dodged one, or what he thought was one, banking and circling as if he were fleeing from the range of an enemy aircraft battery; the meteor was hundreds of miles away.



American Museum of Natural History, New York

"The Willamette," a fifteen-ton meteorite, six and a half feet high, five feet thick, and more than ten feet long on its greatest flat surface

## SCIENCE SHORTS: Plants Brought From Far Places; Saturn Puts on a Show

For years scientists of the United States Department of Agriculture have been wandering in out-of-the-way places of the earth, seeking useful plants that could be introduced into the United States.

Last week P. H. Dorsett, one of them, was singled out as the most successful. His expeditions have taken him to China, Brazil and the West Indies. From China alone he brought back 6,000 seed samples, grasses, fruits, melons and 2,000 varieties of soy-beans. Some are already in use, others are being tested. The American Genetic Society awarded him its Meyer Medal for Distinguished Service in Plant Introduction.

The medal was founded in memory of Frank Meyer, another Department of Agriculture plant collector, who died two years ago while on a plant-hunting trip in China.

* * *

On March 5, 1656, the Dutch astronomer Christiaan Huygens finished assembling a new, twelve-foot telescope he had been making, and pointed it to the planet Saturn. To his astonishment, he discovered that planet surrounded by a thin, luminous ring.

This week modern explorers of the heavens are staring at Saturn again, with telescopes a thousand times as powerful as Huygens's but they can not see the ring. It has been turned edge-on toward the earth, and being only about ten miles thick, is invisible.

This happens once each fourteen and three-quarters years, and attracts amateur and professional astronomers all over the country. Saturn is now visible in the morning sky, rising a little south of east about four hours before the sun.

* * *

In France, actors and students through the use of a "memory phonograph" have been spared the use of midnight-oil. By playing over and over short passages of parts to be learned, the new machine invented by Dr. Louis Routin, has made memorizing almost painless, according to Doctor Routin.

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# THE STAGE FINDS IT IS VERY MUCH ALIVE

## Broadway Producers Rejoice Over Box-Office Appeal of Plays

The Broadway play season which closed May 30 was the best, artistically and financially, in the last five. It saw new vigor for the "road." It found competent managers making daring experiments and winning with them. It gave the legitimate theater more courage to resist the twin enemies, motion-pictures and radio.

Robert Garland, a drama critic without a play to see, went to see managers instead. Blasting down their doors, the New York *World-Telegram* reviewer asked blunt, unequivocal questions. He got blunt, unequivocal answers.

Eight producers looked Mr. Garland in the eye and told him that fine acting, superb performances, tasteful settings, powerful plays and a quickened audience had done more to invigorate the theater of New York than anything in remote memory. They added that the invigoration of Broadway had meant audience-response from as far as 3,000 miles away. And they implied that the next season would be still better.

**Crowded Balconies**—Guthrie McClintic, producer of "Winterset," winner of the prize awarded by the Drama Critics' Circle for the best play of the season, began looking into his balconies and galleries. The "carriage trade" was a fixture, but gallery gods were true barometers.

"With particular interest and not a little satisfaction I have noticed the great demand for the cheaper seats . . . for it proves that audiences have not been entirely lost to the films," he told Mr. Garland. And tacked on a tidy sneer for Hollywood. The backing of plays by that gold-gorged arena "has not meant a great deal one way or the other to the theater."

Norman Bel Geddes, who designs streamlined trains, cash registers and ocean liners between infrequent plunges into the theater, found the season "startling," so startling that his worry about 1936-'37 was far from anything so mundane as the box-office.

"There were so many good plays," he said earnestly, "that the thing to worry about is not whether business will be as good—but will there be sufficient plays of the same high quality?"

The long-wailed death of the theater is a myth to Mr. Geddes. After the successful run of "Dead End," he looks forward to more triumph because, as he sees it, the theater "isn't even sickly."

**Race-Horse Triumph**—Alex Yokel is a producer who offered one play almost two years ago and hasn't had to do anything about it since. The play was "Three Men on a Horse." It has played all over the United States and Europe, was visible in Australia, may yet be seen at Little America. Mr. Yokel believes that might be a nice one-night stand for it. This last spring he produced the amazing one-act war play, "Bury the Dead."

He spoke for the road. His traveling companies "proved that the road is very much alive and anxious to support" first-rate plays. "I have so much faith in the road that I intend to send all my productions on tour."

Luther Greene spoke almost wholly of the road. He is the manager who sent out Mme. Nazimova in Ibsen's "Ghosts," while fellow producers snickered over the massacre they expected him to encounter. They no longer snicker.

He found profits everywhere. He also found much about the value of "show towns." Pittsburgh and Washington are two of the best, Baltimore is "among the worst."

In the midst of plenty, two eminent managers found themselves among the husks.

At season's end, Herman Shumlin and William Harris, Jr., talked patiently of future plans while, in an anteroom, their bookkeepers patiently copied figures in red ink.

Mr. Shumlin agreed that all other producers had been right and he had been wrong, but "frankly, I didn't detect any inspired playwriting." Mr. Harris looked upon the shining, profitable successes made by others and counted himself a lost man

**The Wrong Road**—"Frankly, the situation is intolerable," he told the critic. "Unless something is done about it next season, I, for one, don't give a damn what happens to the theater. The road? I can't discuss the road. The only road I had any experience with was the road to Cain's (a theatrical storehouse for the scenery of failures). That, the only road I know, seemed to be doing nicely. Business was brisk, burials lively."

Billy Rose, known as the Mad Mahout since he produced "Jumbo," and as the Rose of the Rancho since taking over the Fort Worth Frontier Centennial, would not be pressed into conning the future season He would speak only of July 1, and Fort Worth.

"It will pale into insignificance any similar shindig ever essayed by a white man"

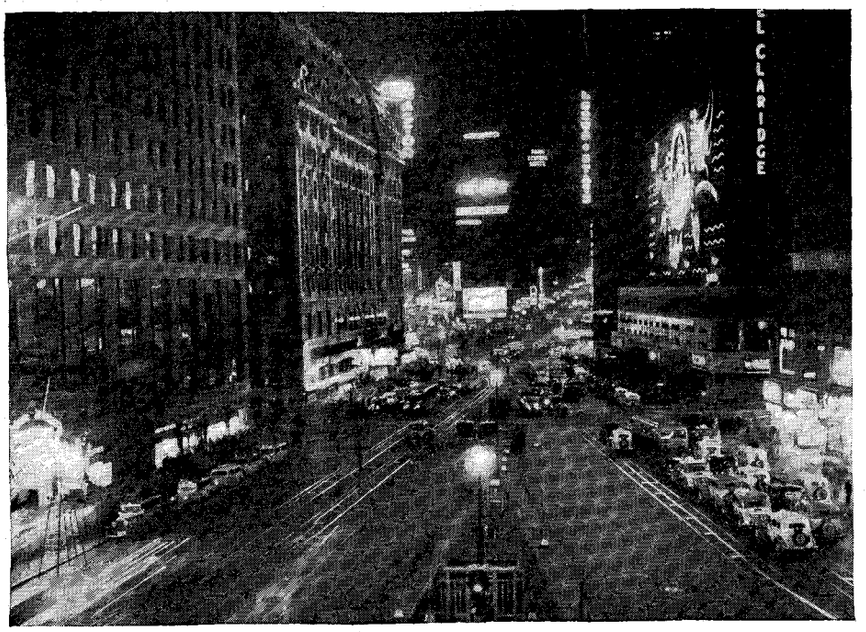
Warren P. Munsell, business manager for The Theater Guild, found only good tidings for the new season. A new agreement between managers and dramatists, for example, seemed to him a fine portent for 1936-'37. It is expected to discourage film financing of plays.

"This, however, may be greatly to the advantage of the producer who does not rely on motion-picture money," he advised sagely. "It will make available for him a larger selection of plays."

The Theater Guild does not rely on motion-picture money.

George Abbott, last of the confronted eight, producer of "Boy Meets Girl," prize comedy of the last season, counted his deeds as naught.

"Just wait until 1936-'37."




Wide World

Broadway after dark has attracted spectators from 3,000 miles away during the past theatrical season, the most successful in the past five years

# MOLDING A PEOPLE: The Effect of Hollywood on Americans Stirs a Protest

So long as Hollywood continues to make motion-pictures the way it does, little can be expected in the way of reality: either in story or the personalities of the players in the pictures.

"The stories that Hollywood permits can only scrape the gaudy and tawdry surface of American life and legend," says Ruth Suckow in *Harper's Magazine*. "The images of its gods and goddesses are now magnified out of all proportion to their genuine value and significance."

Moved by the enormous influence of the stars on native manners, clothes, speech and tastes, she determined to find out the source of this power. She found the answer in the shrewdly sculptured personalities of perhaps a dozen players.

It is not news that celebrated stars color the lives of 80,000,000 persons in more or less degree. It is news when an analyst of the human scene turns her mind to discovery of the reasons for this influence.

It was after she found the answer that Miss Suckow began to be appalled. It was



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what she discovered about these "gods and goddesses" and the way their talents were wasted that caused her to write her protest.

"The early gods of the screen," she writes in *Harper's Magazine*, "rose out of the good old Westerns, which almost form a mythology in themselves."

**Appeal to Public**—But the really great gods of the screen, those who step elegantly out of polished motor-cars and gleaming metal air-planes into mobs of excited fans, represent "unmistakably some feminine ideal of a perfect" person.

Valentino personified this ancient ideal, Francis X. Bushman before him. It wasn't until recently that "ordinary American manhood had its innings." He is neither foreign nor sleek nor insinuating, he is as Main Street as pop-corn, horseshoe games and baseball. He is Clark Gable. He is, she says, as valid as William S. Hart. He is to most women the prototype of "the fellow in the next block." Curiously, his appeal to men in the film audiences is powerful, too. A new note.

Beverly Hills, the Olympus of America, sends more goddesses down to enthrall the mob than it does gods. Once down, however, they fall victims to the Hollywood mold. They are pressed, dressed and fitted to a pattern. Miss Suckow finds that the charm pattern virtually destroys their value as great actresses.

"It has been argued frequently that Greta Garbo is the first great actress of motion-pictures."

**Dissecting a Star**—Having admitted the argument, she blows it apart. Garbo is merely "the first great popular introvert heroine of a nation of blithe extroverts."

She came at a time when a subtle foreign flavor was desirable. Not any of her performances seems outstanding to Miss Suckow, mainly because she always is Garbo and not the character.

Her name rôle in "Anna Karenina" is acknowledged to be fine, "but it was not the character of Tolstoi's *Anna*—vital, radiant, unthinking—which she played. She might never have read the book, only the scenario. It was Great Garbo in the situation of the play."

In the midst of the Garbo vogue, others have risen to challenge her supremacy. The "loveliest is that other foreign beauty, Marlene Dietrich. . . . Hollywood is prodigally wasteful of talent, but it is doubtful whether it has ever done worse than with the exciting promise and rare beauty" of this actress.

Exploring the triumphs, first, and then the background of Joan Crawford, it was found that her own story was more honest and valid than anything she ever did for the cinema: a store clerk in Kansas City, ambitious for the stage, she went to New York, became a chorus girl, danced in two musical comedies, became a dancer in a night-club.

A film executive found her there and gave her a Hollywood contract.

When Garbo's fame soared to dizzying heights, every studio in California tried desperately to find an actress to match her vogue. One studio found Dietrich, another found Katharine Hepburn.

Miss Hepburn "is the best American version" of the Garbo legend. It has failed, the writer holds, because of a fault committed by Miss Hepburn: "It would appear that she is ambitious to stand as a genuine dramatic actress capable of playing varied rôles, and that at the same time she must display herself and herself only. As a result, the image . . . is provocative, but unsatisfying."

Hollywood is blamed for threatening the talent of Bette Davis. It flared high in her performance in "Of Human Bondage." Will she, it is asked in a tone implying she will, "be forced to play too many meaningless blonde rôles until the biting edge is gone—her truly unusual talent never allowed to reach maturity?"

Garbo, Gable, Crawford, Dietrich, and Davis . . . color the lives of 80,000,000 persons

## "JUMP" ON TELEVISION:

### Color in Newsreels Forecast After Texas Centennial Test

Newsreels in color may take their place with features in the near future as the result of a successful experiment in Dallas. The Texas Centennial opening program was filmed by Universal Newsreel in natural color, using the Telco process. Six hours after the ceremonies, the tinted reels were shown in conjunction with normal black and white films.

No special cameras or intricate printing processes are used in the Telco system, invented by Robert Hoyt.

Public success of the colored newsreel caused the centennial executives to order similar filming of some of the larger features of the show.

"The Cavalcade of Texas" will be the first short subject film for release under Hoyt patents.

Still another newsreel company, Pathe, is ready to tint its films. It is announcing in theaters that when television is perfected newsreels as they are now will lose all point. Natural color then would be the next step.

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# OPENING A WINDOW TO NEW DELIGHT

## Art Tours Put Visiting Groups on Road to Appreciation

LITERARY DIGEST Photographs by John Randolph Whiting

WPA free art tours for the American public: (left) Desire Weidinger, guide, exhibits a bronze plaque for a modern house; (right) Krikor Krikorian gives up-to-date information on ancient Egypt

Back in the mauve decade, an American oil millionaire gave Europe a laugh by inquiring how much the Louvre's famed Venus de Milo could be purchased for.

This month the New York School of Industrial Art, with WPA sponsorship, inaugurated Art Tours under direction of Milton Roberts. He heard many similar inquiries, and he smiled, but somewhat his smile was directed at Europe.

The mauve decade millionaire, and others like him, have not managed to purchase the beautiful Venus, but they have purchased and brought to these shores many others of Europe's art treasures. Too, a virile and lusty American art is growing within our own shores.

The object of the Art Tours, explained Director Roberts, scene-painter, stage director and actor by profession, is to help ordinary Americans find and know American art.

**Limited Groups**—Art Tours are organized for twenty people at a time, with four regular guides provided free to "art explorers" by the school, their salaries paid by WPA, with the blessing of the New York City Board of Education. The guides found it difficult to answer the questions of more than the limited twenty.

The people that take these tours are not members of the cognoscenti or the *intelligentsia*. They are every-day *John Does*, native New Yorkers or visitors to the city. The tours cover art galleries, newspaper plants, public buildings and in some cases the studios of artists. They see places they might never otherwise visit. They observe painters and sculptors at work and gaze with awe and interest at the processes of modern art. They ask questions of the guides in embarrassed whispers through which glimmer real interest.

All that is necessary to become an "art explorer" is a real interest in art, and registration of name and address at the New York School of Industrial Art.

A trip to the marble stretches of a private museum formerly limited to acknowledged students and artists? The Art Tours now take Mary Smiley, the telephone operator, and Paddy Ryan, chain store delivery boy, if they are interested enough to go.

**Timidity Overcome**—The average person, explains Milton Roberts, does not think he is welcome at commercial art galleries unless he is prepared to buy. The same person feels some fear of his welcome at the majestic public galleries unless he is a student. Art Tours lend moral support.

When making arrangements for Art Tours, Director Roberts has sometimes found fear on the part of museums or commercial art dealers that a crowd of twenty people would offer too much risk of breakage and theft. To date—since June 1—there has been neither, and far from pretending to be intellectually critical, "Art Explorers" have shown a sense of awe and fundamental appreciation of art outside their former cultural experience.

"We don't try to talk theory," the guides explained. "People are interested in plain talk and explanation, not words about art. They may get Willy Pagani mixed with Picasso, but they appreciate each one just as much."

Of the four guides, two are women. Madame Mihri de Rassim is a blonde, Turkish-born painter, once honored to do a portrait study of Mustafa Kemal. Miss Jane Blaney has been a student of interior decoration here and abroad.

The other two guides are Morton Tepper, considered one of the most promising pupils of the Art Students' League, and Desire Weidinger, a Hungarian lecturer and authority on painting.

At times a Tour requires one of the instructors of the School of Industrial Art to act as a guide. A group visiting the Egyptian Room of the Metropolitan Museum was guided by Krikor Krikorian, a teacher of advanced courses in ceramics and Oriental painting.

One lady saw a mummy for the first time and showed some shock that a body should still be intact after 3,000 years. Another was fearful that the Egyptian scarabs were alive.

All the party asked endless questions.

In addition to long familiarity with their specified divisions of art, guides pass from one to three days familiarizing themselves with places to be visited and work in progress. In the next two months, the entire process of applying paint to canvas, producing marble sculpture, etching, and copper plate work will be explained on tours.

**Wide Curiosity**—There is no limitation of subject matter. Some groups have asked to see how cartoons are made, others to know more of some ponderous subject.

Modern furniture always brings raised eyebrows from out-of-town visitors, particularly the interior decorating and designs of the modernist, James Mont. "Art Explorers" emitted gasps and giggles at sight of the broad low couches, unusual glassware, and faddist furniture built for Gold Coast and Park Avenue "debbies."

A modernistic foot-high dinner-table brought a laugh when a comfortable looking matron, one Mrs. McGinness, exclaimed "I like to get my legs under a table; it doesn't seem right to lay down to your food."

**Theater Embraced**—One group of tours to be arranged next month includes taking groups backstage at the Federal Theater Workshop. There is startling interest in theater and advertising work.

"As long as the American public wants to know the how and why of the arts—ancient or modern, cultural or commercial—we can show them all they want to find out!" remarked Mr. Roberts with a justifiable pleasure at the success of the recent WPA idea.

One tour visited one of the very modern plumbing-fixture shops where an elaborate group of showers and bathtubs was arrayed. A quiet member of the group peeped out surreptitiously at the rest as they moved toward another section of the shop; then she stepped into a sample shower and went through the motions of turning on water and taking a shower.

It was a delightful and natural bit of play acting; the lady imagined herself free from prying eyes. Then she turned around and was suddenly horrified to find the back of the shower a street window, with an amused Fifth Avenue crowd watching her motions.

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# CARVING OUT FAME:

## Miner's Son Abandons Coal to Work With Hands at Art

Working on two enormous murals for the new Chicago Post-Office, Charles Turzak, thirty-seven-year-old foreign-born artist, is having the time of his life.

As he paints away his eyes dance and his lips smile. He is dark, stocky, Indian-haired. He wears a paint-stained smock.

"Imagine," says he, "making a living at something you like to do."

The smile widens into a broad grin. He chuckles; regards the mural with a critical



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## AS THEY COME OFF THE LINE!

WHAT A PAL FOR YOUR VACATION!

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There is water in the radiator, lubricant in the transmission, gas in the tank—that Buick is ready to go.

And it needs no five-hundred-mile vacation of engine-coddling—no days of crawling along behind the procession to tune it up or "wear it in."

That whole marvelously wrought and marvelously serviceable mechanism is fit and sensitive as a master's fiddle, ready for whatever you want to give it as soon as it leaves the plant and hits the road.

When you do point its eager beauty down the highway, what a fresh experience, what an exhilarating thrill it gives you!

The great tide of power that comes pouring from that valve-in-head straight-eight Buick engine in oil-cushioned silence carries you like a conqueror on its crest.

The car travels with incredible "road-sense," taking curve without weave or sway, hill without labor, control without hitch or fault—all in firm, steady, buoyant ease.

Whether you touch throttle or the big soft-action hydraulics, the positive response you get tells you *this* is the car built especially for *you!*

**NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD HAS ALL THESE FEATURES**

**VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT-EIGHT ENGINE** *gives more power per unit of fuel than any other type of engine of equal displacement and compression*

**ANOLITE PISTONS,** *durable, long-lasting, 50% lighter, increase bearing life 150%*

**SEALED CHASSIS** *keeps dirt and water from all moving parts, protects from wear and erosion*

**LUXURIOUS "TURRET TOP" BODY BY FISHER,** *with No Draft Ventilation—the smartest, safest, strongest body built*

**TIPTOE HYDRAULIC BRAKES,** *giving safe, straight-line stops under lightest pressures*

**KNEE-ACTION COMFORT AND SAFETY,** *the true gliding ride*

**TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE,** *for steadier, more stable roadability*

**AUTOMATIC STARTING, SPARK AND HEAT CONTROL,** *for convenience, efficiency, economy*

**BUILT-IN LUGGAGE COMPARTMENTS,** *with ample capacity for necessary luggage*

**FRONT-END RIDE STABILIZER,** *for elimination of side-sway at speed or on curves*

**SAFETY GLASS,** *standard equipment throughout at no extra cost*

★ ★ ★ ★

**$765** *to $1945 are the list prices of the new Buicks at Flint, Mich., subject to change without notice. Standard and special accessories groups on all models at extra cost.*

**MONTHLY PAYMENTS TO FIT YOUR PURSE!**
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**Buick 8**

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eye. "Just imagine it. I might have been a coal-miner like my father. Or I might have been a lawyer or a dentist as he wanted me to be. But I'm not. I'm a painter."

The smile wanes. A serious light appears in the dancing eyes. "It is hard work, tho."

It isn't easy. Charles Turzak, son of Czech immigrants, labors long and diligently. One of his working days runs from 7 in the morning until 11:30 at night. He confines his efforts to no single medium. He has won recognition as a block-printer, cartoonist and illustrator as well as a painter. And he has won it despite the early opposition of his father, Joseph.

**More Drudgery**—Joseph Turzak came to the "land of opportunity" in an attempt to escape the earthbound drudgery of extracting iron ore and coal from the ground of his native village near Prague. But, alas, Joseph found in America not the proverbial streets of gold but more drudgery—in a mine.

When Charles was born in Streator in the heart of the southern Illinois mining district Joseph had great hopes for him. His boy would never toil in the mines. And Charles never did; but during his high-school years, because money was scarce, he labored at an ore machine. True, the machine was above the surface. Still old man Turzak was unhappy.

"Don't work with your hands," he'd tell the sturdy lad. "Be a lawyer or a dentist. Wear a white collar. Take it easy."

**Fated Labor**—And young Turzak would nod, and know he could never obey his father's wish. He was fated to work with his hands. He took up drawing and wood-carving.

Many a time the Turzaks' evening meal was delayed, because young Charles, who had been sent to the store for it, would be found in the wood-shed forgetfully carving monkeys out of peach-pits.

"What are you trying to do?" he asks now in mock annoyance, when his mother tells stories of his childhood. "Want to make me seem cute? I was a boy then. Now I'm doing a man's work."

But whatever he may say of it now, Charles Turzak's peach-pit carving was the beginning of his fame; that and his drawing. His skill won him a cartoon puzzle contest when he was in his last year in the Nokomis, Illinois, High School.

"When Franklin was seven years old": wood-cut initial from Charles Turzak's biography in pictures of one of the first Americans

Franklin as Commissioner to the Court of France (wood-cut by Charles Turzak)

The prize was $100. It was awarded him by a St. Louis feed concern for the most comic drawing depicting a donkey's path past a cat, owl, mouse, dog and a pair of scissors to a bag of the advertised fodder.

"There's money in this art," declared Mrs. Turzak delightedly.

Her husband wasn't so sure. But this drawing was better than carving peach-pits which somehow suggested the utilitarian wood-carving of relatives in the old country.

Reluctantly he gave in. With his prize-money and acting on the advice of the feed manufacturer, Charles went to the Chicago Art Institute. Here he brought with him as a result of his self-taught lessons in wood-carving a jungleful of peach-stone monkeys and four playable violins. They placed him immediately in an advanced class.

Following his graduation he worked industriously as a commercial artist and saved his money for a trip to Europe.

Europe proved a disappointment. After three months of Munich, Prague and Paris, he returned to Chicago and the 1929 crash which wiped out his bank-account.

In the face of this discouragement Charles Turzak laughed, married Florence Cockerhan, a journalism student at Northwestern University, and began cutting his series of thirty-six wood-blocks embodying the life of Abraham Lincoln.

**Treasure Utilized**—He finished the blocks in the reconstructed Lincoln Village at A Century of Progress in Chicago. That was in 1934. Then with $50—a wedding-present put aside by his wife—he bought the paper on which to print his pictorial biography. The wordless book sold well.

Last year, he illustrated the life of another national hero, Benjamin Franklin (published by Covici, Friede). This time his wood-engravings had an accompanying text: succinct paragraphs by Florence Turzak, indicating Franklin's importance as a printer and encourager of ideas and art.

American heroes and pictures of them are Charles Turzak's great hobby. In addition to the exacting labor his murals require he is engaged at present on a series of short lives of the great in wood-cuts which will be published with or without words—he hasn't decided which—in one volume.

His great wall pictures may be looked at by many people for years and years to come, but he himself prefers to create art with the carving-tools his Czechoslovak ancestors used to make their household appliances. His wood-cuts are his own favorite, as they are his wife's.

Occasionally he turns to brush and pencil. He has had one-man water-color and oil shows in Chicago and in Milwaukee and Kansas City, Missouri.

Critics of the Middle West have referred to him as "a painter of impulses" because of the fever heat of creation which shows in his finished brush-work.

His home—a studio-apartment—sees much of him, for it is there he does all his work. He is surprized to find that life has become so easy for him.

"My father had to dig in black pits, and then as he got older he plastered cellars," Charles Turzak says with a note of wonder in his voice. "All I have to do to make money is to draw people as I see them Would you say I'm putting something over on the world?"

---

## NEW BOOKS: Surgeon's Diary Ranks High Among War Works; Jester Benchley Reappears

**From a Surgeon's Journal.** By Harvey Cushing, M.D. 533 pp. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company; $5.)

Many doctors are born story-tellers. As internes they discover that the whims of their charges are no less a part of handling a case than are the dressings, medications and diets. The philosophers among them pay heed to the balkiness of *Mrs. Jones,* who nags herself into hysteria; and they contrast her stubbornness with the meekness of *Mrs. Smith,* hovering between life and death after a serious operation.

Emerging from such a background of human emotions, interested doctors have been building up a library of reminiscences which has hit the best-seller list for a high batting-average. Doctor Cushing's memoirs, like his "Life of Sir William Osler," ranks among the highest.

The Boston physician sailed for France

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"As Joan's temperature is normal, may she get up today, Doctor?"
"No, not yet. We want to avoid any possible later complications."

# *Prevent Serious After-effects*

THE wise mother gets specific instructions from her doctor and observes them carefully. She takes no needless chances. Weakened hearts, kidneys, lungs, defective hearing or eyesight and other physical impairments may result from many diseases. They are frequently more to be dreaded than the original ailment.

Even a case of measles may be followed by serious consequences. Its many possible after-effects are the doctor's chief concern. Attacks of measles may lead to abscesses of the ear or pneumonia. The kidneys may also suffer from overstrain, developing unfortunate complications in later life. Or the eyes may be badly affected.

Do not let your child, when just recovering from scarlet fever, get up and be active until the doctor says it is safe. This is very important, because the heart and kidneys may be affected to some extent by scarlet fever and careful nursing may be necessary after the child is apparently well.

Colds and whooping cough, too often lightly regarded, also require careful nursing. Bronchitis, pneumonia and even tuberculosis may follow such seemingly trivial ailments.

Tonsillitis is a distressing ailment which should never be ignored. Repeated attacks of tonsillitis may lead to heart trouble in later years. But as a rule, if the tonsils receive prompt attention, lasting damage is prevented.

Two or three months after your child recovers from illness, take him to the doctor for a health inventory to find out whether or not there are any later developments which require attention.

You are welcome to any one or all of these Metropolitan booklets: "Measles," "Scarlet Fever," "Whooping Cough," "Tonsils and Adenoids." Address Booklet Dept. 736-L.

*Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly*

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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From a portrait by John S. Sargent

**Dr. Harvey Cushing: Eighteen or twenty cranial operations a day were not unusual**

in 1915, serving with the Harvard Unit at Neuilly and observing the French and British technique of evacuating the wounded from the forward areas to the base hospitals. There he first encountered the bloodiest side of the war, the attempt to restore to service those whom the enemy had labored to render *hors de combat.*

The Harvard medicos found practising under the deep grumbling of the guns far different from administering to the halt and the maimed in the sterilized hush of a civilian hospital. Doctor Cushing writes that whereas one major cranial operation in Boston was a day's work well done, he and his team under the exigencies of battle performed as many as eighteen to twenty in twenty-four hours.

Nor was their work finished when they laid aside their knives. They were duty-bound to neglect nothing in the scene before them. They studied major engagements and trench raids, made their inspections, their reports, and attended meetings to swap medical experiences.

Compressed within these pages is a War life of unceasing activity. Altho Doctor Cushing took a reputation with him to France, it is not hard to understand from his journal (ending with the Armistice) why so many of our best contemporary physicians are War veterans.

Return to private practise from the insistent pressure of the War must have seemed the equivalent of a vacation. But Doctor Cushing already was deep in plans for rehabilitation. People kept on getting sick and injured, and to their welfare he was dedicated. He earned his reputation not from those he met and whom he describes in his memoirs but from the good works he performed—and is performing.

**Critical Opinions**—Los Angeles Times: "*. . . reading that is exciting to the layman and tremendously important for the physician and surgeon.*"

Richmond News-Leader: "*Doctor Cushing tells his story with the accuracy of a scientist and in the colorful and engaging manner of such a diarist as Samuel Pepys himself.*"

Baltimore News Post: "*Dr. Harvey Cushing, in this amazing day-by-day account of . . . experiences at the front . . . during three years of the World War, shows himself to be a masterful observer and a reporter par excellence. His book . . . might easily be the 'book of the year.'*"

* * *

**My Ten Years in a Quandary and How They Grew.** By Robert Benchley. 361 pp. (New York: Harper and Brothers; $2.50.)

Mr. Benchley is worried. Now that the *Burlington Zephyr* and its sons and daughters are making club- and chair-cars obsolete, he is wondering what will happen if the Pullman Company follows the advice of his friends and sends *Hysteria, Mal de Mer* and *Alter Ego* to his house as antiques. What to do? he cries in anguish.

A host of commuters from Pasadena to New York will hail him as their deliverer if he can wangle the Pullman cars for those who must grab the 8:15 A.M. to slay their daily dragon.

Mr. Benchley takes life as it comes to him—with a protest. He studies the Chinese and discovers that a wish is indeed empty without a giver. He examines the niceties of electing his friend *MacGregor* to a place in the sun while intimating that *MacGregor* would function better in the dark.

He runs into a number of perplexing problems. Why, he demands, should a man have to read the morning paper over a cup of coffee or a dish of eggs? Every one knows the corners are bound to go limp without veneration for the steel-ribbed freedom of the press. Also, he worries about his psychoanalyst, his host, his reading about the luminous woman, his interest in Hollywood—and his contest with the little boy who brings home the examination paper.

The "thou musts" Mr. Benchley attacks with ferocity and he breaks a lance on our friends and cousins. His perplexities are the perplexities of us all.

Nobody has died laughing over this book. In fact, the author proves that virtually nothing is funny but that most things are humorous.

**Critical Opinions**—Dallas News: "*The reader may find practically indispensable information on a variety of subjects, such as how to take care of a goat, the proper technique for getting the first crack at the bath-room in the morning . . . and many notes on conduct in this modern age.*"

Washington News: "*It's not very funny. . . . Mr. Benchley is better in small doses. . . . Don't, please, attempt to read the book all at once.*"

Albany Knickerbocker Press: "*Benchley fans, of whom there are several, will chortle in a most pleased manner. . . . Recommended as a most effective gloom-chaser.*"

* * *

Gordon Friesen, author of **"Flamethrowers"** (Caxton Printers), was so hard up he wrote the first draft on the backs of unpaid bills. A newspaper editor lent him paper on which to type off a presentable manuscript, but the rewrite lay in a dresser-drawer for months because Friesen couldn't spare the postage to mail it to a publisher. For final corrections, a friend "swiped" a dictionary.

* * *

Henry Albert Phillips reports that Hervey Allen's cottage in Bermuda, where was written **"Anthony Adverse"** and where Mr. Phillips wrote his **"White Elephants of the Caribbean"** (McBride's fall list), is called Felicity Haul. It was built by beachcombers from the proceeds of booty taken from a hapless shipwreck.

* * *

Jack Mills, the music publisher, is bringing out Mal Hallett's autobiography **"On Tour,"** the story of a band leader who traveled 50,000 miles through flood, dust-storm, blizzard and hurricane to play to 3,000,000 people. Once the band had to travel to the next town by pack-mule because of a washout. But it never missed a performance.

* * *

Robert Low and Lou Wedemar, authors of **"What's This?"** (Simon and Schuster), having thus followed up their cross-word puzzle books with a collection of one-man charades (you've probably seen a man snapping his left-hand fingers back and forth over an extended right arm to indicate the clicking back and forth of a ping-pong ball), have fled the country. Conscience-stricken, no doubt.

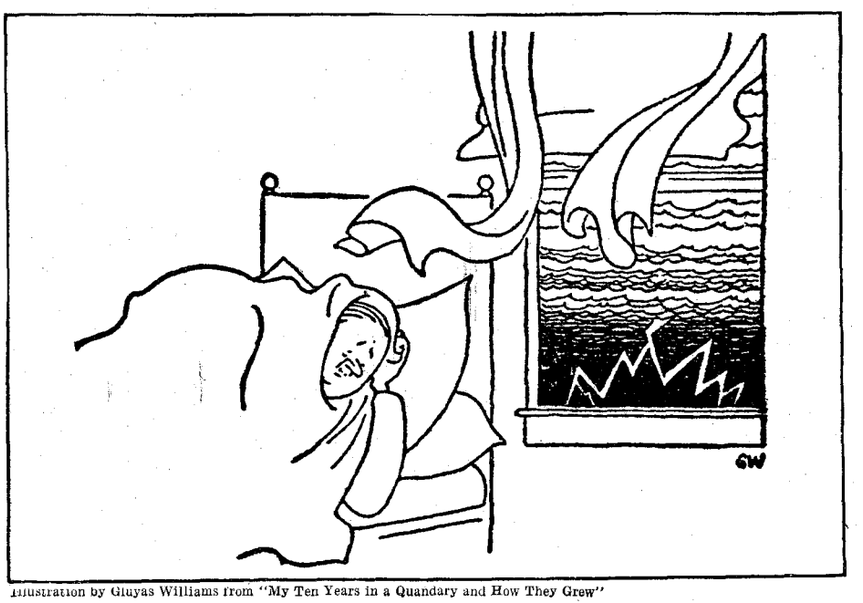


Illustration by Gluyas Williams from "My Ten Years in a Quandary and How They Grew"

**Robert Benchley: "There is something tricky about a thunderstorm that I don't like"**

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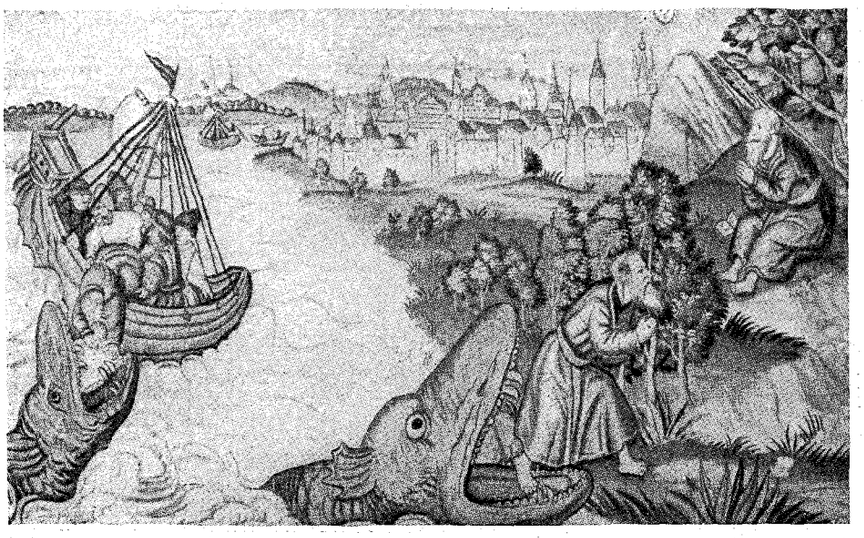
# JONAH AND THE WHALE: TRUE STORY?

## Expert Delves Into Languages of Old Testament to Find Answer



Jonah and the whale, entrance (left) and exit (right), as depicted by German weavers in the Renaissance; now the whale is called more metaphorical than real

Far up in the wind-swept hills of Kurdistan lies the answer to an ancient riddle. There a swarthy tribe still speaks Aramaic, one of the distinct Hebraic dialects in which the New Testament and parts of the Old were written.

And Aramaic may be able to answer, "Was Jonah really swallowed by the whale?"

Last week, an Assyrian scholar, George M. Lamsa, produced a book ("Gospel Light," Holman, New York, $2.75) branding the tale of Jonah an "Oriental hyperbole." Translators, he contends, misinterpreted the Aramaic idiom that was mixed with the ancient Hebrew. But Lamsa attributes the Jonah-and-whale story to the equivalent of a slang expression.

For centuries, verbal battles have raged over Jonah and his whale; Fundamentalists, philosophers, theologians, scientists, fought the fight.

William Jennings Bryan rampantly carried the literal interpretation of the story into newspaper head-lines at the famous Dayton, Tennessee, Scopes "Monkey" trial in 1925. Religious sects have split asunder over literal or allegorical interpretations.

**Whale Story**—In February, 1891, forty years previous to Lamsa's recent Biblical research, THE LITERARY DIGEST printed an article facetiously asking, "Could Jonah have swallowed the whale?"

The article quoted M. P. Courbet in the magazine *Cosmos* (Paris):

> Jonah 1:15—So they took up Jonah and cast him forth into the sea, and the sea ceased from raging.
>
> 2:17—Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah. And Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights.
>
> 2:1—Then Jonah prayed unto the Lord his God out of the fish's belly.
>
> 2:10—And the Lord spake unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon the dry land.
>
> —The Bible, King James version.

"In the month of February, 1891, the whaler, *Star of the East*, launched two whale-boats to pursue a superb whale. . . . The huge creature was harpooned and wounded to the death.

"While it was writhing in its last agonies, one of the whale-boats was struck by its tail and shattered to pieces. The sailors who were in it were thrown into the water; all but two were saved. . . . The body of one of the missing was recovered, but a man named James Bartley could not be found.

"When the monster had ceased moving . . . the work of cutting it up began . . . when it was ended, the stomach of the whale was opened. What was the surprize of the whalemen to find in it their lost comrade, James Bartley, unconscious but alive!

"They had much trouble in reviving him . . . not until three weeks had elapsed did he recover his reason and give his impressions.

**Inside Story**—"'I remember very well,' he said, 'the moment when the whale threw me into the air. Then I was swallowed, and found myself enclosed in a firm, slippery channel whose contractions forced me downward. . . . Then I found myself in a large sac. . . . I could still breathe, tho with much difficulty. . . . Then I lost consciousness.'"

This 1891 article pointed out that the Bible had never said Jonah was swallowed by a whale, but simply by a "great fish." Scientists at that time were disputing that a man-sized creature could pass through a whale's throat.

But other scientists were even then saying that certain sperm whales could swallow animals larger than a man.

Immediately following publication of this article requests for reprints began to pour in; they are still being received, forty years later!

In his book, Mr. Lamsa contends that "according to interpretation of dreams in the East, fish or whale means trouble or indecision. Jonah in the whale is . . . just as an American would say, 'He is in a hole.'"

His research in the original Aramaic language in windy Kurdistan makes him certain his conclusion is right.

---

# COSTLY CONSCIENCES:

## They Impel Many to Make Anonymous Restitutions to U. S.

Some one with a guilty conscience walked up to a post-box in the wealthy Mount Airy suburb of Philadelphia last week and dropped in a letter.

Next day Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., opened it and took out two $1,000 bills, a $500 bill and four $100 bills.

While Treasury officials listed it in the "conscience fund" column of receipts for the General Fund of the Government, William H. Moran, Secret Service Chief, began checking the bill numbers to find if the $2,900 conscience money had been reported stolen.

That "little spark of celestial fire" which impels defrauders of the Government to make financial amends has brought $626,043.26 to the United States Treasury since the day in 1811 when $5 came in from some one who confessed he had defrauded the Government in an unspecified manner. The file of conscience letters kept by the Treasury records some strange quirks of religious feeling expressed anonymously. Perhaps emulating Zaccheus "which was chief among the publicans" and who said to the Lord, "If I have taken anything from any man by false accusation I restore him fourfold," one letter-writer atoned for his sins by an eight-cent contribution and a letter:

**Religious Spur**—"Since becoming a Christian I am duly impressed to restore to the U. S. Treasury a postage stamp, which I used twice. It had served its purpose once but seemed not to have been canceled much, if at all, nevertheless I used it as I was at the time very much in need of one. I am restoring it fourfold and trust I am forgiven for using it. I haven't been guilty of it any more.

"May the Lord bless each one and save our souls."

The satisfaction of a moral twinge came higher for the man who set the record with a contribution of $30,000 to William G. McAdoo and a note saying he had sent a total of $80,000 for a theft of $20,000.

Stolen mules, a box of ammunition, unpaid income taxes, or the smuggling of tobacco into the country have been cause for contributions, which are almost always anonymous.

Once the Secret Service found that a man who sent in some bonds actually owed nothing; they had a hard time persuading him to take his bonds back.

There are those who would like to see it work both ways. A farm woman wanted $1,000 to buy an automobile, a cow and a set of false teeth. A Russian wrote from Brazil asking for a loan of $2,000 to build a mill to extract starch from Brazilian bulbs. One woman wanted to build churches with the fund. Another sought to have it repay individuals who have been defrauded. The matron of an Alaskan



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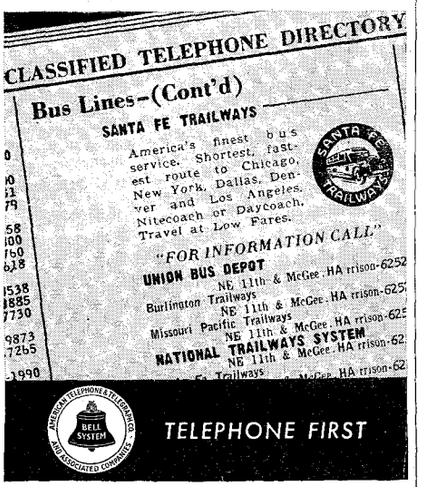
SHE promptly tracks down that agent who sells the service she wants. She turns to the classified telephone directory, looks up the service—and finds the nearest agent listed. She does the same thing to locate dealers for advertised products. Be a shopping sleuth too.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NATIONAL TRAILWAYS SYSTEM
NE 11th & McGee . HA rrison-62
Trailways
McGee . HA rrison-62
TELEPHONE FIRST

home for half-breed children wanted help "if *Uncle Sam* should ever get a Conscience Spell."

**Other Appeals**—Some of the money was requested by a widow needing aid in rearing her children "so they won't grow up wild" while she is away at work. One man wanted $1,000 to promote savings in the management of county homes.

Some contributors do not trust even Treasury consciences. Fifty dollars came in once—the bills cut in half. The Secretary of the Treasury got one set and the Treasurer the other, so that at least two persons would know of the money's arrival.

So that the contributors will learn of the receipt of their money, officials always try to get stories published when a contribution arrives. As small a receipt as a postage stamp is thus acknowledged, altho the Department has no use for it (all its mail has the franking privilege), and even the Treasury can not redeem stamps at the Post Office Department. Once it took three months to sell $3.84 worth of stamps to Treasury employees so the money could be put in the General Fund. Once it's in, only an act of Congress can disburse it.

## PRESBYTERIAN RIFT: New Church Founded by Fundamentalists Under Fire of Modernists

Three Presbyterian fundamentalist ministers walked with grim strides into their Philadelphia churches one day last week. The regular church organization had them under fire because of their battle against its "modernist teachings."

The three found orders barring them from their pulpits; they turned and marched out again, taking with them 800 members of their congregations—two-thirds of those present. They found other places to hold fiery protest services.

The week before, 200 fundamentalist sympathizers had convened in the cream-walled auditorium of the New Century Club in Philadelphia. Beneath a huge American flag, they declared themselves no longer under the control of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America. They formed a new church—the Presbyterian Church of America, electing Dr. John Gresham Machen as their Moderator.

Warming to their task, they created two Presbyteries (New York and Philadelphia), ordained new ministers, and voted to place ownership of church properties in the hands of their own congregations.

Meanwhile, ministers in New Jersey, who withdrew from the church in protest over the suspension of the Rev. Carl C. McIntire of Collingswood, New Jersey, for similar revolt, announced they, too, would proceed independently.

**Historic Precedent**—The conflict that has torn the Presbyterian Church also was felt by the powerful Scottish barons who founded it in Edinburgh in 1577. As soon as they broke off from the Roman Catholic Church, they ran into the opposition of Marie of Guise, mother of Mary of Scotland and then Regent, who issued an order forbidding any one to preach without the authority of a bishop. Only after a stiff conflict was the ban removed by Parliament in 1560.

To-day, more than 350 years after its formation, the Presbyterian Church itself has split up into various denominations (Reformed Presbyterian, United Presbyterian, Associate Synod, Cumberland Presbyterian, etc.), with more than 2,000,000 members in the United States.

In America, the latest schism started twelve years ago when Dr. John Gresham Machen decided his conscience compelled him to speak out against the modern trend in the United States Church. He had been ordained in 1914 and was well liked by the younger pastors because of his Y. M. C. A. work in France and Belgium during the World War. They liked his smile and his dialect stories.

But in spite of his tolerant appearance, Doctor Machen based his religion squarely on a strict interpretation of the Bible. Contending the Board of Foreign Missions was wavering to modernist teachings, he founded his own board. The General Assembly in 1934 ordered this rival "church within a church" to dissolve. Doctor Machen and his fundamentalist element refused. This year's meeting expelled the ministers who refused to obey its orders.

**Leader's Declaration**—The convention in the New Century Club at Philadelphia resulted, with Doctor Machen declaring:

"We have made every effort, in accordance with our solemn ordination pledge, to bring about a return from modernism and indifferentism to the Bible and to the Church's constitution. Those efforts having proved unavailing, we are now continuing true Presbyterianism in the Presbyterian Church of America.

"The body thus formed will not be a new fundamentalist denomination, but a truly Presbyterian church, both in doctrine and church government."

To offset his aims, the fundamentalist leader must face comments such as this in the *Christian Century:*

"Doctor Machen gives the impression of having come very close to the place where he will find peace in no church except one of his own making. Is he going to be completely comfortable even there?

"It sounds as though the Machen-led body will reach that degree of divine perfection attained by the Scotch lay theologian who, after eliminating all heretics, declared, 'There are nae Christians left but mysel' an' Sandy, and I hae me doots aboot Sandy.'"

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The Rev. John Gresham Machen, Moderator: "We have made every effort . . . to bring about a return from modernism and indifferentism"

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# The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

**Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.**

**creps.**—"H. A. J.," New York City. In Littré's French Dictionary, *creps* is defined: "Sorte de jeu de dés qui vient d'Angleterre"—A kind of game with dice that comes from England. If your reference to its use in 1800 or even 1820 is correct, possibly the French term is a corruption of the English term *crabs,* which is defined: "The lowest throw at hazard." In the game of hazard, the throws 2, 3, 11, 12 are called *crabs,* and are, with certain exceptions, losing throws for the caster. This usage extends back to 1768.

The American game *craps* may have developed from the English *crabs.* It has been traced only to 1843, when J. H. Green described it as "a game lately introduced into New Orleans." Littré's definition of *creps* is too inadequate to make identification possible, and other French dictionaries omit the term.

**pair.**—"H. W.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—The word *pair* implies two, two associated together, a set of two. Such are things worn on or adapted to the right and left limbs or sides of the body, as a *pair* of gloves, leggings, shoes, stockings, spurs, stirrups, etc.; also, the two bodily members themselves; as, a *pair* of arms, ears, eyes, hands, heels, legs, etc.

The word *pair* is also applied to single articles of clothing, instruments, or tools, composed of corresponding parts not used separately, and therefore, always spoken of only in the plural; as, a *pair* of *breeches* (connected by the seat), or of *stays* (connected by a lacing); a *pair* of *compasses* or of *scissors* (connected by a swivel-pin or screw). Chaucer in 1386 wrote—*Wife's Prolog,* "Canterbury Tales"—"He hadde a *paire* of legges and of feet so clene and faire."

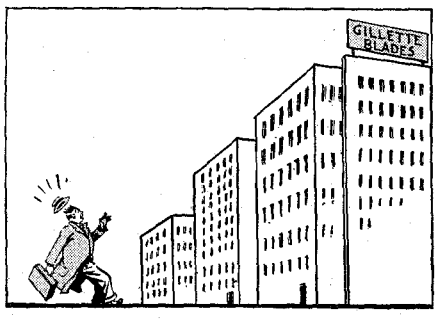
**succession to the British throne.**—"R. I. B.," Batavia, N. Y.—In England, the wife of a ruling king, tho called "Queen," is legally termed "Queen Consort." Her legal position is identical with that of the husband of Queen Victoria, who for the twenty-one years of his married life, tho himself Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, had no other title than *Prince Albert,* and was usually termed "the Prince Consort." A Queen Consort does not succeed to the throne, and upon the death of her husband immediately becomes the Queen Dowager.

Succession to the British throne passes to the sons of the ruling sovereign in order of their seniority, or to the children of the senior sons. At present, the elder daughter of the Duke of York, the Princess Elizabeth, would succeed to the throne in the event of the death of Edward VIII and of the Duke of York.

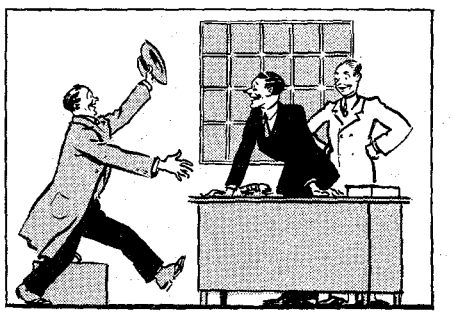
Existing laws can be repealed, and Prince Albert could have been raised to joint power with Victoria, but it is extremely doubtful that such action would have been approved by even a most complaisant Parliament.


# Tony Sarg in Whisker Land

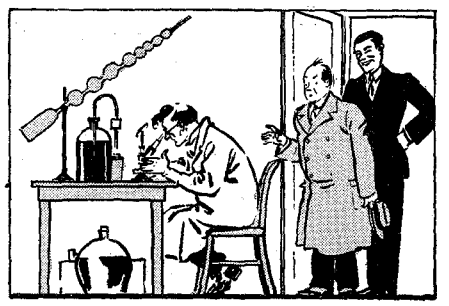
*Famous Marionette King's Word and Picture Story of Machine Age Magic . . . .*



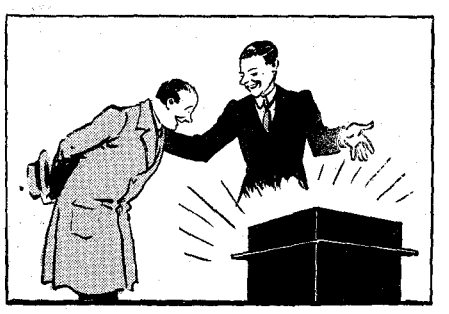

**1.** Gillette Blades may be small—but look at the factory where they are made. Eight stories high and covering two city blocks. Imagine my surprise when I approached this tremendous plant!



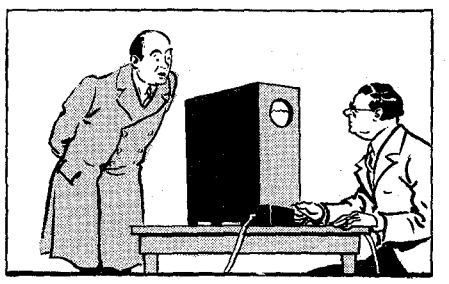
**2.** I met my guide, the walking encyclopedia of the Gillette factory. Said he, "Mr. Sarg, I'm going to show you things that will amaze you." "Lead on," said I, "amazement is my long suit."



**3.** We entered a modern laboratory that would have delighted an Edison. Here graduate chemists and engineers check and re-check every batch of steel for quality—and they're hard men to please.

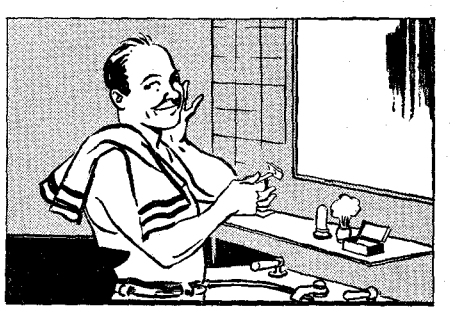


**4.** Next came sheer mechanical magic—a little black box attached to each electric hardening furnace that automatically orders more heat or less heat as required for perfect tempering of razor blade steel.



**5.** Just warming to his task, my guide said, "Here is the electro-magnetic tester that 'sees' through steel. It reveals hidden flaws in steel, much as the X-ray reveals broken bones in the human body."

**6.** "Now look at one of our gigantic grinding machines. They weigh 4 tons, yet they're adjustable to 1/10,000 of an inch! That's what gives Gillette Blades shaving edges so sharp they're *invisible!*"



**7.** And from this point right on to final inspection and sanitary wrapping—I was amazed by one marvelous process after another. Do you wonder that I always shave with Gillette Blades?

● TONY SARG—king of marionettes and mechanical genius—expresses in his own way the amazement voiced by other trained observers. Grantland Rice, Boake Carter, Frank Buck, Melvin Purvis, these and other professional skeptics were bewildered by the scientific precision methods employed in producing the Gillette Blade. Check your experience with theirs. Buy a package of Gillette Blades and see for yourself how quick and easy shaving can be. We promise you the best shaves of your life—or your money back.

*Let no one deprive you of comfort by selling you a substitute.*
*Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.*

**GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.**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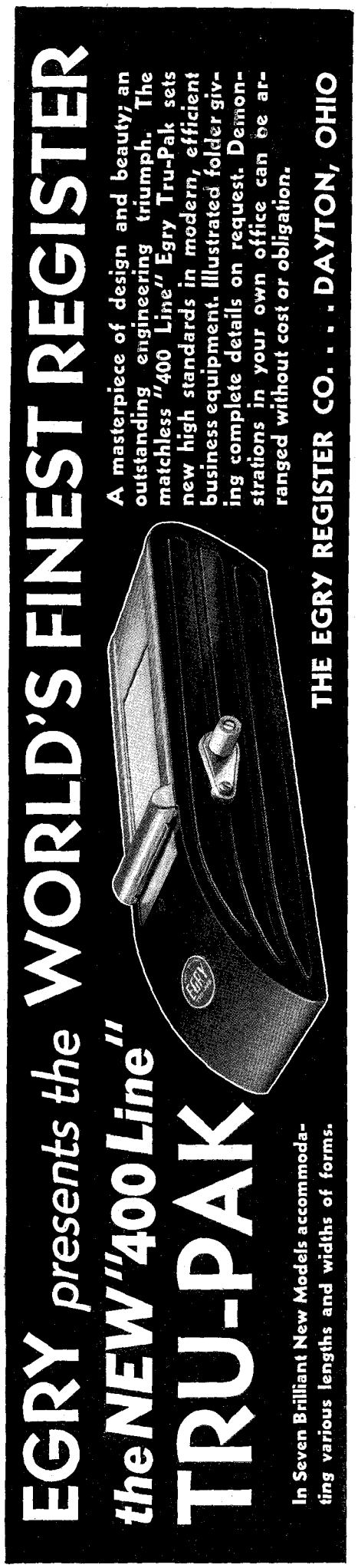
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# *Current Poetry*

## DESERT PLACES

BY ROBERT FROST

Snow falling and night falling fast oh fast
In a field I looked into going past,
And the ground almost covered smooth in snow,
But a few weeds and stubble showing last.

The woods around it have it—it is theirs.
All animals are smothered in their lairs.
I am too absent-spirited to count;
The loneliness includes me unawares.

And lonely as it is that loneliness
Will be more lonely ere it will be less—
A blanker whiteness of benighted snow
With no expression, nothing to express.

They cannot scare me with their empty spaces
Between stars—on stars where no human race is.
I have it in me so much nearer home
To scare myself with my own desert places.

—From *A Further Range.*
(Henry Holt and Company, New York.)

## JEWELS FOR ANNE BOLEYN

BY MARY JOHNS DICKINSON

When Anne went up to London,
The Kentish lanes were green;
Each hawthorn twig was gemmed with pearl,
And none need tell the simplest girl
How pearls become a queen!

The horse Anne rode to London
Went fetlock deep in dew;
Each dewdrop was a diamond clear,
Each diamond was a crystal tear—
Alas, that queens must rue!

When Anne first looked on London,
The happy day had sped,
Upon the black and sullen night,
The torches spilled their baleful light,
To mark the way ahead.

And so Anne came to London
To wear the costly crown
She bought with squandered maidenhood,
With lucent tears, and heart's red blood—
And glad she laid it down!

—*The Commonwealth.*

## FAR VISION

BY ELIZABETH SCHOEN

I've glimpsed the sunset's tawny flush,
His gallant plumes rode high.
How then you bid me be content
With noonday's pallid sky?

—*New Mexico.*

## MILKWEED

BY MIRIAM ASHLEY KOZELKA

Our friendship was the silver of the milkweed;
We took it and threw it to the breeze;
Up against the blue it soared in delicate far stars
And drifted down like snowflakes out of season.
And while we laughed,
The shy white morning moon looked on, resigned.
We threw it with a laugh until we saw
The dry and empty pod it left behind.

—*The Tanager.*

## THREE HARBORS

BY FLORENCE RIPLEY MASTIN

"What harbor do you know where there will be
An anchorage when storm is on the sea?"

I know my body, composite delight,
A constellation burning in the night,
A silver temple at whose fivefold gate
Illusions of reality await.

"But when the body fails?"

I know my mind:
Its memory a lustrous moon behind
The scudding clouds of circumstance, its high
Imagination building on the sky
An ideal world; planting its glowing torch
Like a proud signal from a lofty porch.

"And when the mind decays?"

There shall remain
My spirit, indestructible. Time's stain
Shall not corrupt it, nor oblivion
Darken the splendor of its gradual dawn.

—*New York Times.*

## DAWN

BY WITTER BYNNER

We try to speak, but we are whispering
These last few words,
Before words fail because of spring
And birds.

—*Silhouettes.*

## AIRPORT

BY GERALD RAFTERY

White galleons to this harbor of the sky
Along the four wide winds come sweeping down
And dwarf the city, arrogant and high,
Back to the stature of a seaport town.

—*New York Sun.*

ROBERT FROST "Wise old woodchuck! And if he has not got the whole 'United States stated,' he has got a good deal of life stated in original analogy and phrase. And if anybody should ask me why I still believe in my land, I have only to put this book ["A Further Range"] in his hand and answer, 'Well—here is a man of my country.'"

—William Rose Benét, in The Saturday Review of Literature

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## Crime

# WOMAN FLOGGED:

### Charge in Arkansas Share-Croppers' Strike Causes Flare-Up

A woman held prisoner in an automobile parked on a dark, lonely road clenched her hands as she listened to the thump of heavy leather against a man's back. Fourteen times she heard the swish and thud of a brass-studded harness strap swung by lusty hands.

Then, through the gloom, she saw the men coming back with her companion. He was staggering with pain.

"Now it's your turn," one of the six men told her.

They led her away from the road, carefully lifted the barbed-wire fence to protect her dress, pushing bushes aside so that she would not tear her stockings. Then they began questioning her; who was she? why had she come to that section? She laughed at them.

"Get down on the ground!" one of the men ordered.

She refused. The man with the strap squared off, set himself, and brought the leather down full force across her back. Another blow fell, another and another.

Then she was led back to the car in which the six had kidnaped her and her companion. Soon afterward both were placed aboard a train and ordered never to return.

**President Apprised**—That is the story of the flogging of Miss Willie Sue Blagden, a former social worker, and the Rev. Claude C. Williams, a Presbyterian minister, as told by the plump rosy-cheeked young woman herself when she got back to Memphis from Earl, Arkansas. A dramatic episode in the fight of the striking cotton share-croppers that has been raging in Arkansas, the assault caused a flare-up in the press, and drew the official attention of President Roosevelt.

These developments followed:

Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for President, in a letter to President Roosevelt, protested against the "reign of terror," and asked the Executive to "act in this monstrous perversion of everything decent in the American tradition."

President Roosevelt ordered Attorney General Homer S. Cummings to investigate immediately and report.

Gov. J. M. Futtrell of Arkansas asserted that the "fatal flogging" of a Negro, which Miss Blagden and the Rev. Mr. Williams had planned to investigate, was "propaganda" of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union.

Sheriff Howard Curlin of Crittenden County declared the Negro in question was alive. He added that he had received no complaint about the Blagden-Williams episode.

**Complaints**—The Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, which reports that 5,000 cotton laborers are striking for $1.50 instead of 75 cents per ten-hour day, reiterated charges that conditions among the share-croppers border on outright peonage.

They also charge that Sheriff Curlin has been holding strikers in jail without trial; that one farm in Crittenden County is a concentration camp where strikers are forced to work without pay.

The typical cotton laborer earns on an

**Soothe that SUNBURN with cooling, greaseless ABSORBINE JR.**

IT'S fun while you're getting sunburned, but it's misery the next day.

Your shoulders wince under the day-after flame. Your nose throbs with rising blisters. Your arms shriek for relief.

Relief? Why it's right there in your bottle of Absorbine Jr.

Just anoint those tortured skin surfaces with Absorbine Jr. How quickly the flame cools away. You can feel the soothing effect of Absorbine Jr. like a shady waterfall caressing those burned spots.

And, in a short time the Absorbine Jr. disappears, leaving no stickiness or gummy deposit—nothing but a faintly pleasant odor which disappears too. But the easing and comforting effect remains.

Keep that familiar bottle ever handy during the summer months. Don't be a victim of the switch racket. Good dealers will give you genuine Absorbine Jr. when you ask for it, $1.25 a bottle. Refuse substitutes. And remember—it's really thrifty to use because it takes so little to bring relief. For a free sample, write to W. F. Young, Inc., 345 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

**ABSORBINE JR.**

**Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, Athlete's Foot**


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average less than $100 a year. Setting out to improve conditions—raise wages and win the worker the right to buy supplies where he pleases instead of at the planters' stores—the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union ordered members to store up all the food they could. Then it called the strike during the "chopping" or weeding season. The planters faced the problem of getting the weeds cut or losing their crop.

**Press Comment**—Editorial opinion, even in Arkansas, is sharply divided.

In the words of *The Enterprise*, in Earl, where Miss Blagden and the Rev. Mr. Williams said they were beaten, "the labor agitators from outside cities representing the Union have been the principal cause of all the trouble. They have been haunting the streets and the cotton-fields for months.

"They held meetings and caused quite a lot of interest until the planters took it upon themselves to rid themselves of these pests."

But another Arkansas paper, the Wynne *Star-Progress*, boils with anger over the Blagden-Williams beating. It says:

"This occurrence is revolting to every sense of common decency.

"There can be no excuse for such flagrant disrespect of law. . . . Arkansas citizens demand that the attackers be found and punished."

## Parade

**Gilbert K. Chesterton**, prominent *litterateur* for more than four decades, died at his home in Beaconsfield, England, at the age of sixty-two. Known sometimes as a "latter-day Doctor Johnson," "a versatile Samuel Pepys," and "a town crier of Fleet Street," he became recognized in literary fields because of an amazing energy, strong personal opinions, a sharp wit, an ever-alert interest in current topics, and great erudition.

His likes, such as Catholicism, distributism and medievalism, or his dislikes, such as Victorian snobbery, socialism and modern dictators, formed the basis of much of his work. A like skill in writing essays, detective stories, poetry and novels brought him to the attention of a wide public. Without qualm, Chesterton could veer from flippancy to sharp analysis, from popular fiction to religious treatises, from current sociological problems to fantasy and whimsy.

His play "Magic" was produced in New York in 1917; subsequently he made several visits to the United States to lecture and debate. In recent years he was a regular contributor to the Hearst newspapers on whatever subject caught his fancy.

For special mention, literary critics frequently stressed his controversial word-turnings: paradoxes, antitheses and alliterations.

* * *

June 27, **Gen. John J. Pershing** will take his seat in the Institute of France. Because of his services in the World War, the French Government has conferred this honor on him, making him the first foreign officer ever to become a member of the institute. . . . **Marc Klaw**, a partner in the Klaw and Erlanger theatrical dynasty from 1891 to 1926, died in England. . . . **Gelett Burgess**, who "would rather see than be one," startled members of the Gourmet Society. He said he regarded them as "purple cows." . . . **Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink**, famed contralto, anxious to appear "my own mischievous self in pictures," spent her seventy-fifth birthday preparing for a new film rôle.

Last week **David Stewart Iglehart**, president of W. R. Grace & Co., returned from Lima, Peru, where he had been awarded the Order of the Sun, highest honor of the Peruvian Government. The decoration marked recognition of his activities in favor of better understanding and improvement of commercial relations between the two Americas. Iglehart first went to Peru forty years ago and from 1901 to 1915 rotated from that country to Chile and Bolivia. . . . Meanwhile his son, **Stewart**, continues as an eight-handicap man in the No. 3 position with the American Polo Team in England.

After visits to Harlem's "Macbeth," his first open-all-night restaurants, and Minsky's burlesque, **Jean Cocteau**, French man of letters, tarried long enough in New York to coin a Gallic equivalent for "strip tease." His term: "*deshabilleuses tentatrices*." . . . **James J. Walker**, ex-mayor of New York, and Mrs. Walker sailed on the *Normandie* for England. Not for politics or expatriation, he announced. Just personal business. . . . An eight-pound, two-ounce daughter was born to **Mrs. Ellin Mackay Berlin**, wife of **Irving Berlin**, composer. . . .

**Mrs. Florence Bankhead**, wife of the new Speaker of the House, plans to take relaxation from any new duties by "rod-and-reel fishing for black bass with my hip-boots on." . . . Forced to cancel lecture and writing engagements last year because of an automobile accident, **John Erskine**, author and musician, was awarded $3,062 damages in a Lansing, Michigan, Court. . . . **King Gustav** of Sweden passed his seventy-eighth birthday at Tuligarn Castle quietly awaiting the formation of a new Cabinet and the arrival of warm tennis-playing days.

Opening a three-meter-wave facsimile circuit linking New York and Philadelphia to demonstrate the new usage of ultra-short radio waves as message carriers, **David Sarnoff**, president of Radio Corporation of America, declared: "Radio wants its share of telegraphic traffic, but it looks also at the much bulkier mail-bags." The initial demonstration showed operation of eight and one-half square inches a minute with approximately six minutes being required to send a six-by-eight-inch letter or photograph facsimile.

Sarnoff explained that the ultra-short wave opened up a "medium of almost unbelievable possibilities" and that on a word basis it would be possible to increase power to operate enough automatic typewriters to handle 12,000 words a minute. Messages or pictures to be transmitted in facsimile are wrapped on a revolving cylinder; they are scanned by a moving pencil-beam of light that "translates" the type, handwriting or picture into electrical impulses, which are broadcast. Impulses reaching the receiver operate a "pen" which reproduces the original on carbon paper on a revolving cylinder.

**Maxim Gorky**, ranking Russian writer and champion of the proletariat, died at sixty-eight. . . . **Frank B. Kellogg**, former Secretary of State, and his wife, celebrated their golden anniversary in St. Paul. . . . Armed with a letter of introduction, **Cole Porter** ("You're the Top," "Night and Day") rushed to Ontario to meet the Dionne Quintuplets. They will be the topic of one of his next season's songs. . . . A $1,200,000 collection of Napoleonic emeralds is reported to have changed owners and crossed the English channel from **Ganna Walska**, Polish opera star of Paris, to **Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow** (Barbara Hutton) in London.

**Henry B. Walthall**, actor, best known for his *Little Colonel* in "The Birth of a Nation," silent film of two decades back, died in Hollywood. . . ."Revive Poetry" was a slogan when **Edwin Markham** officially opened the Congress of American Poets in New York. . . . A member of the Senate since 1909, **Duncan U. Fletcher** of Florida died in Washington at the age of seventy-seven. As **Governor Schultz** of Florida can not succeed himself, political wiseacres said he might appoint himself to Fletcher's Senatorship. . . . New York neighbors were astonished to see **Dr. Frank M. Chapman**, ornithologist, change his office for the first time since the 1888 blizzard. He moved into the new Whitney wing of the American Museum of Natural History. . . . Fifteen

Blank & Stoller

David Stewart Iglehart . . . returned from Lima with Peru's Order of the Sun

The late Henry B. Walthall, as "The Little Colonel" in "The Birth of a Nation" (1915)

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thousand persons attending the **Lily Pons** open-air concert in Newark were guaranteed protection from mosquitoes by protective sprays. Only the operators of the sprays reported bites.

Absent for two years, **Countess Laszlo Szechenyi** (née Vanderbilt), wife of the Hungarian Minister to the Court of St. James's, opened her famous home, The Breakers, in Newport. Commentators resultingly forecast a brilliant season for the resort. . . . **Clelie Huggins**, twenty, who likes to tap dance and paint, won a Houghton Mifflin literary fellowship of $1,000. She had "written in longhand and for the fun of it," 350 pages of her first novel, which she submitted in a contest. . . . "Foreign diplomats are treated just like other 'visiting firemen,'" declared **Dimitrius Sicilianes**, Greek Minister to the United States. "The last five times I've been to New York I've been whisked away to the French Casino show." . . .

**Brig. Gen. John W. Gulick**, commanding the Harbor Defenses of Manila and Subic Bays, has been assigned to command the Second Coast Artillery with headquarters in New York City. . . . **Lady Louise Montagu**, daughter of the **Duke of Manchester**, married **Martin Hofer**, American business man, at Fairfield, Connecticut. . . Among 1936 college diploma recipients are **Mrs. Callie Simpson Smith**, widow and mother of two children in Ithaca, New York, and **Mrs. Agnes J. Sawyer**, eighty-seven years old, of Hannibal, Missouri. . . . A boy was born to **Mr. and Mrs. James J. (Gene) Tunney**. He is the third son of the prize-fighter and the former Mary Josephine Rowland Lauder. . . .

**Sinclair Lewis**, novelist, was placed on the same plane as Shakespeare by **Prof. William Lyon Phelps** of Yale as he awarded the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters to Mrs. Lewis. Two days previously **Dorothy Thompson** (Mrs. Lewis) received a similar degree from Tufts. . . . Society leaders honored **Jack Dempsey** with a dinner in recognition of his work as a trustee of the West Side Hospital.

**The Four Aces**, championship bridge team, fired their captain, **Michael T. Gottlieb**, on suspicion of using Culbertson (rival) technique in his play and being too much of a theoretician. . . . Disregarding **Clark Gable** as being "supercharged with sex appeal," **James Montgomery Flagg**, noted artist, listed **Gary Cooper**, **George Brent**, **Ronald Colman**, **Robert Taylor**, **Cary Grant** and **Francis X. Shields** as the six handsomest actors in Hollywood.

A last minute reprieve failed to save **Wally**, an elephant, convicted of killing her trainer in San Francisco. A "lover of animals" secured the order after the Mayors of Oakland and San Francisco had protested the death sentence. . . . On relief because of the loss of both legs and an arm, **Albert L. Breitenstein** of Dover, Ohio, made a public appeal for artificial limbs so he might return to work.

**Miss Pherbia Thomas**, sister of Lowell Thomas, author and radio news commentator, announced she would marry Raymond Thornburg of New York City. . . . **Feodor Chaliapin**, Russian basso, sailed for Europe after completing a world tour. Following a long apprenticeship in European opera houses, **Sydney Rayner**, American tenor, won a contract with the Metropolitan Opera as a result of his success in the "popular season" of the company. **Henry F. Misselwitz**, cable editor for the United Press, returned from a year's leave of absence following an accident in New York last year.

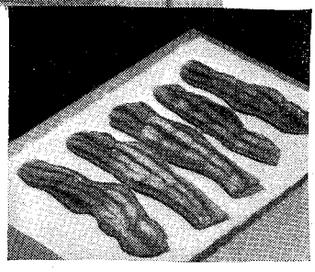

Ladies— is this new work saver in your kitchen?

Fresh, Clean ScotTowels ...only a Penny a Dozen!

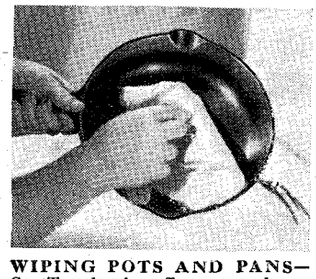
SCOTTOWELS in your kitchen assure plenty of clean towels always ready to use. They save laundry, too. Whenever you have a messy kitchen task, just tear one off the neat white roll—use it—throw it away! No mess, no bother. Nothing to wash out afterward.

Made of soft-weve "thirsty fibre," an exclusive Scott Paper Company development, ScotTowels are twice as absorbent as ordinary paper towels. They really dry. Try a roll.

Sold at grocery, drug and department stores. 2 rolls (150 towels on each) for 25¢—that's only a penny a dozen! Or, write Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pennsylvania.



DRAINING FOODS—ScotTowels are more sanitary and absorbent than ordinary paper or newspaper for draining grease from bacon.



WIPING POTS AND PANS—ScotTowels wipe off grease and soot without soiling your hands. Nothing to wash out afterward.

(This offer applies only to the U.S., its insular possessions and Canada)

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SCOTT PAPER COMPANY, CHESTER, PA.

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2 ROLLS OF SCOTTOWELS, AND 1 ENAMELED FIXTURE

or SEND $1.00 FOR 6 ROLLS AND ONE FIXTURE

Check color of towel fixture desired: ☐ ivory ☐ pale green

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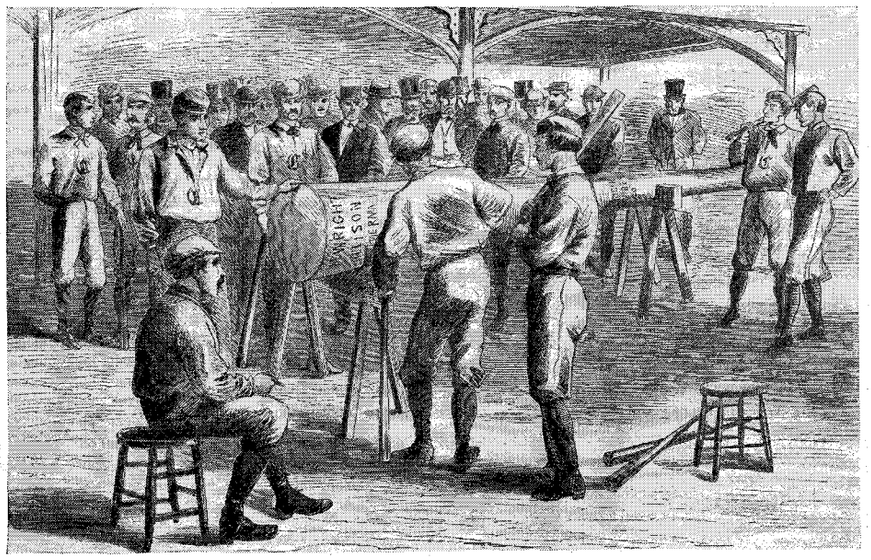
# BEWHISKERED BASEBALL'S CAPERINGS

## America's Own Game, à la 1876, to Open Season This Year



Culver Service

The "Red Stockings" receive a champion baseball bat after their return to Cincinnati, in 1869

"Gentlemen, I was unable to see the catch. In your judgment, was it fair or foul?"

Picture a modern baseball umpire appealing to bleacherites to answer that question. Roars of "Kill the ump!" or "Throw the bum out!" would make his future baseball career a nightmare.

Fans of 1936 want staccato, split-second decisions from their umpires, not the meticulous, cautious umpiring of 1876, when spectators often decided doubtful catches. The contrast is typical of the game's tremendous development during the past sixty years.

To illustrate that development graphically and to call attention to its sixtieth anniversary, the National League, older of the two organizations governing major league baseball, will reenact games of 1876 in each of its eight mammoth, multitiered stadiums this summer.

**Old Man's Game**—Starting this week in Boston picked teams of playground instructors will demonstrate versions of the game their grandfathers played. They will wear the starched-bosom blouses and neckties reminiscent of ancient volunteer firemen's regalia, the quilted trousers, the soup-pan caps, and the high shoes of yesterday.

Completely outfitted in every detail except the handlebar mustaches, the amateur actors will play under now obsolete rules requiring the pitcher to throw underhand and permitting the umpire to arbitrate from a chair on the side-lines.

But, for fear of boring modern fans with the comparatively innocuous game of earlier days, the actors will portray only three or four innings instead of the regulation nine.

Then the regularly scheduled big league teams will put on a real game, with slight fear of boring the customers attending the anniversary celebration.

**Science and Cash**—The element of boredom is significant, for baseball's development as a scientific game is synonymous with its development into a multimillion-dollar spectacle attracting more than 30,000,000 paid admissions annually.

In its early, strictly amateur days, baseball had little of the high-pressure excitement of the present game. When admissions first were collected on July 20, 1859, for a game between Brooklyn and New York amateurs, gate receipts from 1,500 spectators totaled only $750.

In October, 1926, when the St. Louis Cardinals and the New York Yankees played in the World Series, fans bought 328,051 tickets to the seven games at a total cost of $1,207,864.

During those years promoters of baseball as a money-making enterprise worked steadily to increase its entertainment value. In so doing they completely changed the form of the original game, an American version of English "rounders."

From the earliest adaptation of rounders, a simple pastime involving swatting a ball with a stick, the game developed soon after the turn of the nineteenth century into a helter-skelter sport known as "town ball."

**Paddle for Bat**—Town ball, a diversion of the late Oliver Wendell Holmes during his undergraduate days at Harvard, bore slight resemblance to modern baseball. The bat was a flat-edged paddle, the ball a lopsided object constructed by wrapping yards of yarn around a bullet or a metal slug.

Players tried to swipe the ball out of reach of the opposition, numbering from eight to twenty men, and then dash madly for the first of four bases. Once there, a player was safe until some one caught him off base and smacked him with the ball.

Town ball had as much excitement and practically the same amount of science and skill as a present-day subway rush. Rules were unknown. Most games ended in futile debates.

To eliminate debates and the bruises caused by soaking base runners with the ball, Abner Doubleday, a young civil engineer of Cooperstown, New York, in 1839 devised a set of rules and enlarged the playing-field from sixty to ninety feet square, the dimensions of the modern baseball diamond.

Doubleday had little time to play the new game he had invented. Almost immediately he went to West Point. He served in the Mexican War, got credit for firing the first shot in defense of Fort Sumter in the War Between the States.

For his military services the Army made Doubleday a brevet major general. For his youthful experiments with organized sport, historians named him "the Father of Baseball."

**Knickerbockers First**—On the basis of Doubleday's rules Alexander J. Cartwright in 1845 organized the Knickerbocker Baseball Club in New York, the first regular baseball team in America.

For a year the Knickerbockers discussed the game constantly, and even practised now and then. Eventually, on June 19, 1846, at the celebrated Elysian Fields summer resort at Hoboken, New Jersey, they got around to playing baseball, defeating another New York team in the first match game in history.

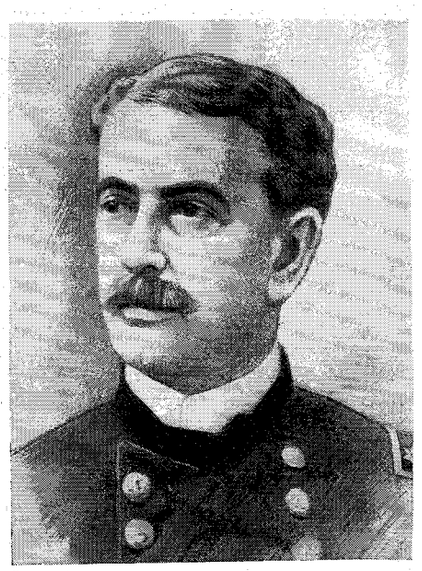
For ten years the aristocratic Knickerbocker clique dominated baseball, resenting efforts of the common people to get in on the game. In 1858 outside pressure forced them to help form a National Association of Baseball Players.

Aristocrats and hoi polloi immediately agreed on one detail: money should not cast its taint on the gentlemanly game of baseball. In 1859 the Association officially prohibited professionalism.

**Earliest Professional**—First of the players to disregard the ruling was Alfred J. Reach, an English-born enthusiast later to become a millionaire sporting-goods manufacturer. In 1864 Reach accepted an invitation to catch for the amateur Athletic Baseball Club of Philadelphia in return for $25 a week "expense money."

Fifty years later, in 1914, George Herman (Babe) Ruth began a professional career that in twenty-one years netted him $1,076,447 for playing baseball. In 1930 and 1931, as a member of the New York Yankees, Ruth drew a salary of $80,000 a season.

Instrumental with Reach in developing



Brown Bros.

Gen. Abner Doubleday, "Father of Baseball": debates and bruises inspired him



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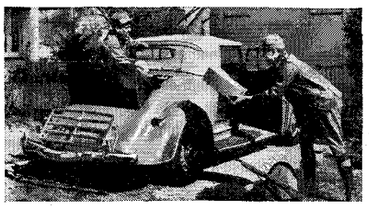
it's a picnic

WHEREVER YOU ARE, BEER IN CAP-SEALED CANS



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BRINGS BREWERY FLAVOR

BEER in CAP SEALED CANS

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a professional game later capable of paying such salaries to star performers were the Cincinnati Red Stockings, first openly-paid team in baseball history.

In spite of dire predictions that their move would degenerate baseball into a rowdy bedlam, the Red Stockings' success was immediate. Huge crowds swarmed to see the bewhiskered professionals in their first tour of the East in 1869

**In the Money**—With the organization two years later of the first National Association of Professional Baseball Players, the game began its spectacular climb into the big money bracket.

The present World Series, post-season games between champions of the National and American Leagues, is a baseball bonanza. The thirty-two series played to date have drawn 5,943,786 spectators and gate receipts of $18,772,685. Seven World Series have each drawn more than $1,000,000.

The league championship and a consequent slice of World Series profits are the goal of every player and club-owner in major league baseball.

Members of the first four teams in each league share in World Series receipts. In 1935 players on the fourth-place Boston Red Sox and Pittsburgh Pirates each received $380.16.

**Paying the Piper**—To get their teams within reach of the World Series pot of gold, club-owners necessarily spend vast sums for players, equipment and running expenses. The cost of operating a big league ball team for one year has been conservatively estimated at $500,000.

Almost half this amount goes for players' salaries. To buy new players a club owner lays out at least $50,000 every year. In 1934 Thomas A. Yawkey, owner of the Boston Red Sox, paid $250,000 to buy Joe Cronin, present Manager of the club, from the Washington Senators.

One of the largest items in a modern owner's budget is the spring training jaunt, an expensive custom originated in 1886 by Cap Anson, Manager of the Chicago National League Club.

To maintain an entourage of seventy or eighty players, coaches, scouts and guests for six weeks costs between $25,000 and $50,000.

To break even, experts say, a club must attract at least 1,000,000 paying customers in its 154 games.

**Nippon at Bat, Too**—In the course of developing into a million dollar business in this country, baseball has won a strong following abroad. Outside of America, Japan is undoubtedly the keenest baseball country.

Sixty years ago two American professors introduced the game to Japan.

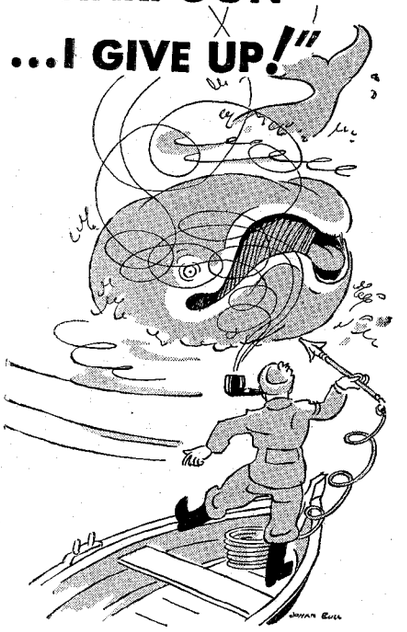
Touring American college and professional teams eventually aroused Japanese interest in baseball. Intercollegiate games are Japan's World Series.

In England baseball is effectively poaching on the sacred territory of cricket. At the opening games this year more than 100,000 spectators were present at what British reporters called the "pitch off."

While nearly every country in the world has experimented with baseball during recent years, few have fielded a group more international in scope than the North African team which played an American nine in the first game in 1932.

On the North African squad were five Arabs, six Italians, one Frenchman, one Anglo-Frenchman, and one Berber. The Americans won, generously neglecting to keep score.


"HOLD YOUR HARPOON ...I GIVE UP!"



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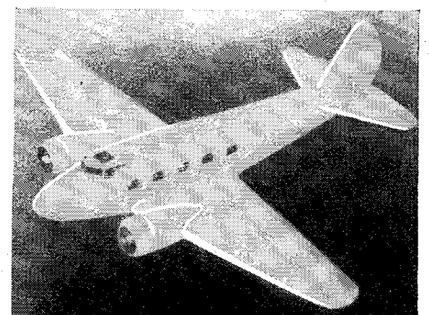

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# SPORT SHOTS

**Last Year** William Woodward's rangy chestnut colt, Omaha, won the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, and the Belmont Stakes, finishing the season as America's champion three-year-old money-winner (purses: $142,255).

Barnstorming on English tracks this spring, Omaha was undefeated. British turf experts rated him a sure thing to win the celebrated Ascot Gold Cup, won only once by an American horse, James R. Keene's Foxhall, in 1882.

Last week exuberant American tourists gladly took odds of 11 to 8 against the Ascot jinx, and shocked the swanky crowd of nearly 200,000 by lustily cheering their favorite into the home stretch.

Tradition-conscious Britons clapped politely as Lord Stanley's brown filly, Quashed, a 3-to-1 second choice, galloped in a short head in front of famed Omaha.

* * *

**Less than a year** after learning to swim, Billy Simpson, of Alameda, California, won the Pacific Coast juvenile all-stroke championship and set a new record for the twenty-five-yard backstroke.

Recently Simpson announced his retirement from championship competition for five years, giving his reason as old age. The undefeated champion is seven years old and, under competitive rules, must wait until he is twelve before entering the second-grade swimming class.

* * *

**Experiments completed** this month at the National College for the Blind, in Madrid, Spain, have demonstrated the ability of sightless persons to compete in soccer and basketball games.

Selecting students with acute senses of touch and hearing, Gregario Hernandez de la Herrera, physical director, organized a soccer team.

A tiny, specially-constructed bell fastened to the ball enabled blind students to play the game almost as expertly as normal persons.

After several successful games, Director Herrera removed the bell and found that his players could follow the ball equally well by the sound of its flight through the air and its contact with the ground.

The same procedure was followed in basketball, with the exception that another bell was attached to the basket to indicate goal scoring.

* * *

**When a favorite horse**, greyhound, midget automobile, or motorcycle fails to win on tracks near San Francisco, disappointed betters blame it on the tide.

According to a theory explained last week by Will Connolly, San Francisco *Chronicle* sports-writer, the Bay Meadows, Baden and Stadium tracks are built on tide-lands honeycombed by thousands of salt-water veins.

At high tide, observers assert, seepage from the Pacific raises the track surface, making it spongy and slow. At low tide, they hold, the surface drops several inches to a hard, firm level.

Midget automobile and motorcycle drivers are convinced that track records can not be approached when the moon is in the east and the waters of San Francisco Bay are high.

* * *

**Trolling for Tuna** is the nearest thing to big-game fishing. The salt-water tuna angler does not have any spectacle of flashing fins above the waves, but he often has sore muscles galore.

## WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

### National League

**Berres**—*c.* Brooklyn—*bear'ess.*
**Birkofer**—*p.* Pittsburgh—*bur'ko-fer.*
**Bucher**—*rf.* Brooklyn—*boo'ker.*
**Cavarretta**—*1b.* Chicago—*kav'a-ret-ta.*
**Chiozza**—*2b* Philadelphia—*chee-oh' sa.*
**Cuccinello**—*2b.* Boston — *koo-chee-nel'lo.*
**Demaree**—*lf.* Chicago—*dem'a-ree.*
**Derringer**—*p.* Cincinnati — *dare'in-jer.*
**Durocher**—*ss.* St. Louis — *doo-roe' sher.*
**Freitas**—*p.* Cincinnati—*fray'tass.*
**Frey**—*ss.* Brooklyn—*fry.*
**Galan**—*cf.* Chicago—*gah-lan'.*
**Geraghty**—*ss.* Brooklyn—*gair'a-ty.*
**Grabowski** — *p.* Philadelphia — *gra-bough'skee.*
**Jurges**—*ss.* Chicago—*jer'gess.*
**Kampouris** — *2b.* Cincinnati — *kam-poor'iss.*
**Kowalik**—*p.* Chicago—*ko'wal-ick.*
**Lavagetto**—*2b.* Pittsburgh—*lah-vah-jet'to.*
**Mancuso**—*c.* New York—*man-kew' so.*
**Mize**—*1b.* St. Louis—rimes with *size.*
**Ryba**—*p.* St. Louis—*ree'ba.*
**Sphorer**—*c.* Boston—*spor'er.*
**Suhr**—*1b.* Pittsburgh—rimes with *poor.*
**Sulik**—*lf.* Philadelphia—*soo'lick.*
**Thevenow**—*2b.* Cincinnati—*thev'en-oh.*
**Tising**—*p.* Pittsburgh—rimes with *rising.*
**Vergez**—*3b.* Philadelphia—*ver'gess.*
**Waner**—*rf.* Pittsburgh—*way'ner.*
**Warnecke**—*p.* Chicago—*war'nek-ee.*

### American League

**Averill**—*cf.* Cleveland—*ay'ver-ill.*
**Bejma**—*ss.* St. Louis—*bee'ma.*
**Blaeholder**—*p.* Cleveland—*blay'hold-er.*
**Bluege**—*2b.* Washington—*bloog'ee.*
**Bonura**—*1b.* Chicago—*bo-nure'a.*
**Cascarella**—*p.* Boston — *kass-kar-el' la.*
**Dietrich**—*p.* Philadelphia—*dee'trick.*
**Di Maggio**—*lf.* New York—*dee mag' gie-oh.*
**Galatzer**—*rf.* Cleveland—*gal'at-zer.*
**Gehringer**—*2b.* Detroit—*geh'ring-er.*
**Giuliani**—*c.* St. Louis—*ju-lee-an'nee.*
**Gomez**—*p.* New York—*go'mez.*
**Haas**—*rf.* Chicago—*hahz.*
**Hoag**—*rf.* New York—rimes with *brogue.*
**Hogsett**—*p.* St. Louis—*hawg'set.*
**Kleinhans**—*p.* New York—*kline'hanz*
**Kuhel**—*1b.* Washington—*cool.*
**Lazzeri**—*2b.* New York—*la-zair'y.*
**Manush**—*lf.* Boston—*ma-noosh'.*
**Melillo**—*2b.* Boston—*meh-lil'lo.*
**Ostermueller** — p. Boston — *oss'ter-mewl-er.*
**Piet**—*2b.* Chicago—rimes with *diet.*
**Puccinelli**—*rf.* Philadelphia—*pooch' in-el-ee.*
**Pytlak**—*c.* Cleveland—*pit'lack.*
**Reiber**—*c.* Detroit—*ree'ber.*
**Rogell**—*ss.* Detroit—*roe'gell.*
**Sorrell**—*p.* Detroit—*sore'rel.*
**Trosky**—*1b.* Cleveland—*tross'key.*
**Uhle**—*p.* Cleveland—*you'lee.*

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*Press*

# NEW JOB FOR ROY HOWARD'S "NO-MAN"

## Hawkins Becomes Board Chairman of Newspaper Properties

When Edward Wyllis Scripps sent his money across the Alleghanies thirty years ago to found the largest newspaper industry in the world,* he sent a one-time Indianapolis newsboy along. The ex-newsy, Roy Wilson Howard, hired an ex-$1-a-week Missouri reporter, William Waller Hawkins. This week Howard is relinquishing Chairmanship of the Board of Directors of the twenty-four Scripps-Howard Newspapers** to Hawkins.

The dramatic careers of these two men run in a striking parallel. Both were born in 1883—five years after the first Scripps paper, the Cleveland *Penny Press*, saw the light of day—Howard in Gano, Ohio, and Hawkins in Springfield, Missouri. Both finished high school in 1901, helped through by selling papers after hours, the Howard family having meanwhile moved to the Hoosier capital. While young Howard worked his way up through reporter on the Indianapolis *News*, sports editor of the Indianapolis *Star*, and assistant telegraph editor of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* to news editor of the Cincinnati *Post*, his future associate was going from his dollar-a-week beat on the Springfield (Mo.) *Republican* to the city editorship, then to the Louisville (Ky.) *Times*, the city editorship of the Louisville *Herald*, and finally the Louisville *Courier-Journal*.

*Acme Newspictures, Allied Newspapers, Inc., Managers Finance Corporation, N. E. A. Service, Inc., Newspaper Information Service, Newspaper Investment Company, Scripps-Howard Newspapers, Roy W. Howard Company, United Feature Syndicate, United Press Associations. In combined circulation, the Hearst newspapers rank first; in number of newspapers and newspaper enterprises, Scripps-Howard interests are second to none.

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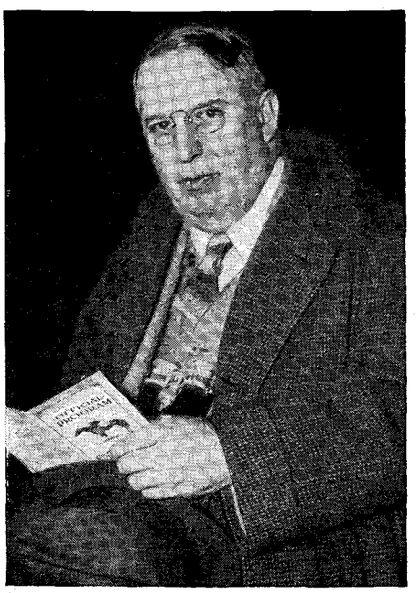


Acme

William W. Hawkins, Scripps-Howard's Chairman of Board: as a young man, he went East

**Aid to Kentuckian**—There Hawkins played no small part in building the fame of "Marse" Henry Watterson, *The Courier-Journal's* most famous editor, a kindly, courtly, hard-fighting old Southern gentleman who earned and wore with grace the genuine title of Colonel.

In 1906 the parallel careers converged in New York. Howard, who had gone east as correspondent of the Scripps-McRae League (forerunner of Scripps-Howard Newspapers, Inc.), became manager of the newly acquired Publishers Press Association (which a year later was merged with the Scripps-McRae Press Association and the Scripps Coast News to form the present United Press). In that capacity, he gave the quiet, serious young man from Louisville a job.

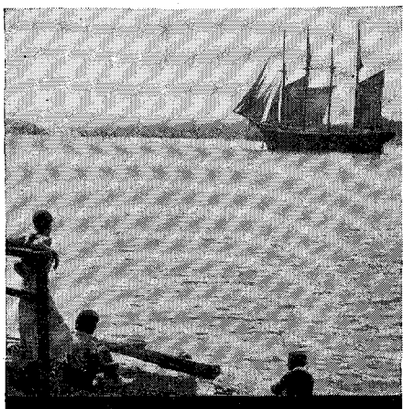
Content to toil earnestly and patiently behind the scenes while his human dynamo boss performed mental handsprings, Hawkins did time in the New York office of the fledgling news service, became manager of the Albany bureau, went to San Francisco as Pacific Coast manager, then to Washington, finally back to New York. Every time Howard took a step up the ladder, Hawkins climbed a rung. In those early days there were ample indications that the two needed each other, and that they complemented each other—the perfect terrier-mastiff combination of a volatile little man and a methodical big one.

**Strong Competitors**—And those early years were years of hard work in the United Press, which had to buck the older and more firmly established Associated Press, and later William Randolph Hearst's International News Service and Universal Service, backed by unlimited capital.

In 1912 Howard became President and General Manager of the United Press, a job which he held for seven profitable years. When the World War broke, the fast-thinking, fast-acting Roy W. Howard saw in it the opportunity of a lifetime. He went to Europe, where he shuttled with tireless energy between trenches and foreign offices, running down news less energetic correspondents somehow missed.

One of the things that had eluded fellow reporters was an interview with David Lloyd George, the inhumanly busy Welsh Prime Minister of war-torn Britain. Dropping in from South America, where he had been signing up Spanish-language papers with one hand and studying the effect of the war on South America with the other, Howard asked his good friend Lord Northcliffe what the British thought of President Wilson's latest peace proposals. Northcliffe suggested he see Lloyd George, and he did. The result of that interview was an exclusive United Press story built around the Welshman's defiant shout that the War "must be pushed to a knock-out."

**Rapid Advance**—While the world's number one reporter was thus scooping his rivals from Buenos Aires to London, "Bill" Hawkins was painstakingly mastering every

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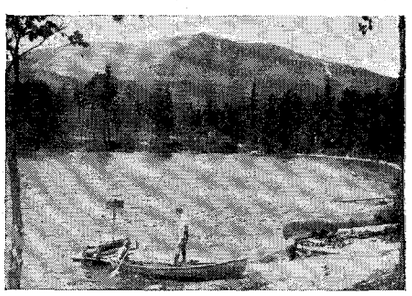

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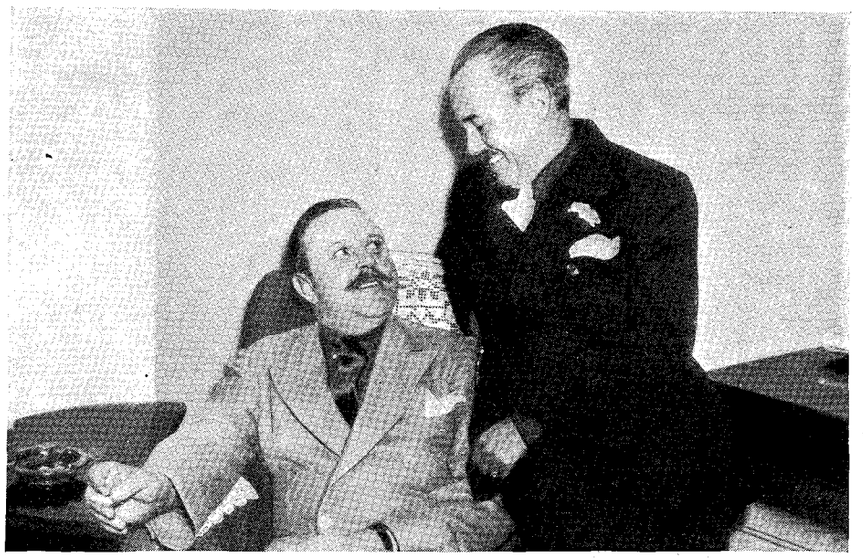


Robert Paine Scripps (left), editorial director, and Roy Wilson Howard, "star reporter," of twenty-four newspapers, the largest newspaper industry in the world

angle of the workings of a great press association at home. He soon became news manager of the United Press, and then, when the War called Howard away, stepped into his boss's shoes as Vice-President and General Manager. By 1919 he knew the ropes thoroughly.

And by 1919 he needed to, for E. W. Scripps had other plans for the man who had gotten in to see the unseeable Lloyd George. In that year the venerable founder of all the vast Scripps enterprises named his only surviving son, Robert Paine Scripps, Editor-in-Chief of his papers, and brought Howard back from Europe to be Business Director. Into Howard's hard-to-fill place as head of United Press went Hawkins, filling it ably until 1923, when his diminutive "partner," who had missed him sorely in the fight to build up the Scripps newspaper chain, sent out an SOS "Bill" Hawkins again became his assistant and right-hand man.

It was then that the "Show-Me" man from Missouri came to be known as Howward's "No-Man." In 1924, when E. W. Scripps turned over the management completely to his son, the Indianapolis newsboy became a full fledged partner. Scripps-McRae had become Scripps-Howard.

The new partner began to dream of owning more and more newspapers from coast to coast. But his enthusiasm knew no bounds, and that was where "Bill" Hawkins came in. If a newspaper property looked like a good buy, the practical-minded assistant went religiously over the books; if they didn't show up any too well, it was his business to advise against buying. Probably the resonant Hawkins's "No" saved the firm millions.

**News Objective**—But it was not in getting rich that the two were primarily interested, says the *Scripps-Howard News*, house organ of the chain. They were thinking in terms of molding public opinion through a chain of liberal, outspoken, independent newspapers, unbossed by the advertising office. They were determined to revive the lagging editorial page as a factor in American thought. Their goal was to make Scripps-Howard newspapers as complete and readable and entertaining as they had made the young United Press.

And they had another interest in common—finding young men in all parts of the country and giving them full opportunity to develop themselves in the organization. Together, with the help and approval of "Bob" Scripps, they worked out a scheme which makes it possible for any employee in any of their companies to share in the profits that good journalism brought.

All through the years Howard has itched to be what he started out to be—a reporter. In June, 1933, he couldn't resist the temptation to slip off to Tokyo to interview the Emperor. This year, on a trip around the world, he walked briskly into the somber office of Joseph Stalin and asked the Soviet dictator under what circumstances Russia would be likely to wage war with Japan; Stalin told him, in one of the greatest newspaper scoops in history.

Now Howard is shifting the administrative mantle to the broad shoulders of his lieutenant, "to associate himself more closely with Robert P. Scripps, the controlling stockholder, in purely editorial activities, especially those pertaining to national and international relationships." With war rumors abroad and a crucial Presidential election at home, the number two stockholder couldn't remain away from the firing-line.

And he doesn't have to, for the number three stockholder, "Bill" Hawkins, is there to say "no" to himself.

---

## EDITOR'S DESK: James Wright Brown to Direct Policies of Newspaper Man's Newspaper

Standing beside the desk of a thousand pigeon-holes once used by Joseph Pulitzer, fighting founder of the old New York *World*, James Wright Brown told the story last week of *Editor & Publisher*, the newspaper man's magazine of which he is now both Editor and Publisher. He bought it in 1912, led it through its trade-paper career, worked toward raising the professional standards of journalism.

Another battler, Marlen Pew, Editor since 1924, had just dropped his task for a long-wanted rest, and Brown had taken the Editor's pencil. Used to hard work and long hours, the new Editor often writes a good part of his sharp, pointed editorial page on his own glass-topped desk, but the relic of the great Pulitzer is piled with books and papers.

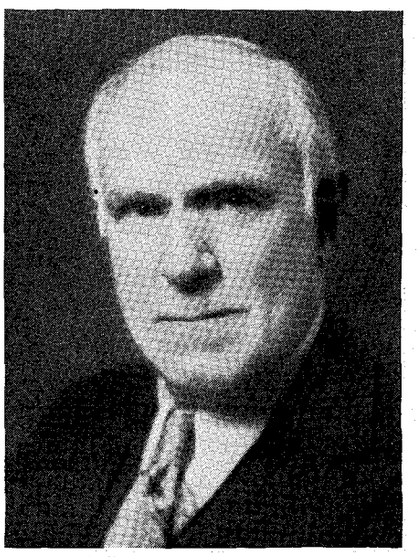
Telling the dramatic story of the consolidations that have helped to make *Editor & Publisher* "must" reading for 13,000 newspaper men, journalism students, and executives, Brown stroked the unaccustomed poker mask that hid his round, pink face, and wouldn't even whisper about rumored new policies of the weekly magazine—a possible new *format*, a larger periodical with more professional and technical articles to supplement news of the publishing and advertising world.

Readers of the magazine from one end of the world to the other saw good news, tho, in Brown's announcement that Pew's column, "Shop Talk at Thirty," would continue to alternately praise and criticize the profession, take pot-shots at the American Newspaper Guild and its President, Heywood Broun, for their "trade-unionism," and still insist that working journalists should be better paid. Free at last from handshaking and proofreading, the former Editor will write his memoirs at Wading River, Long Island.

Under Brown's publishership the Fourth Estate's own newspaper has changed much from the days when Brown wrote news stories as a cub reporter for the Detroit *Tribune* and then rushed downstairs to help deliver the papers. From circulation managing in Chicago he went eventually to ownership of *Editor & Publisher*.

**Special Services**—Nowadays the weekly *Editor & Publisher* issues a monthly mechanical supplement, a year-book of daily newspapers, and a market guide. The weekly magazine crams in stories like "Republicans Stage a Gigantic Spectacle for News, Picture and Radio Men," or a speech about "Nation's Press Can Save Democracy" and articles about advertising or news photography.

Brown works in an office with photographs of noted writers and editors mottling the walls, little flags from the Pan-American Press Conference smearing color above his desk, and autograph letters of famous journalistic figures neatly kept about. He is sixty-two, tall and portly, smiles more than he talks, and has to be called Mr. Brown, Sr., because his son, James Wright Brown, Jr., works in the business department of the magazine.



Blackstone Studios

James Wright Brown, Sr., of "Editor & Publisher," faces Joseph Pulitzer's pigeon-holes

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## Finance and Industry

# STRAW HAT INDUSTRY TAKES A SPURT

### Male America Resuming a Fashion Once Deemed Indispensable

For eight years straw hat sales had tilted downward. This spring, manufacturers dumly asked: Are the straw sailor and panama going the way of peg-top pants nd bulldog shoes?

In the Fifth Avenue office of the Hat orporation of America in New York City, ohn J. Reilly, advertising executive, anged his desk top in an emphatic no. ith set jaw he wrote for *Hat Life:*

"Let's make a decision for the public. et's decide that they should wear straw ats. . . . Let's fight for the straw hat busiess as we would fight for our bread and utter."

**ampaign and Result**—Hat Corporation of merica (Dobbs, Knox, Knapp-Felt, Dunp, Berg, Byron) increased advertising ppropriations for straws. To be in ashion, the advertisements insisted, men n Eastern metropolitan centers must don traws on May 15, rain, shine or snow. etail outlets stocked display windows with raw hats only.

Anxiously the industry awaited the male merican's verdict.

It proved favorable. Last week hatters roughout the country kept distributers n the jump with orders for straws. One ation-wide chain concern besieged manucturers to rush 8,000 dozen sailors (trade me for the low-crowned flat-topped raw). The Hat Corporation translated s advertising drive into 60 per cent. sales creases over last year. Other retailers ported the best demand since 1929.

Producers rubbed their eyes. The raw sailor and panama had taken the ad back to men's favor. But sales still eed considerable revival.

In Northern cities May 15 once had been the New Year's day of the straw hat trade. Promptly on that date fashion-conscious men doffed drab felts, donned gay straws. South of the Mason and Dixon Line, Easter Sunday had ushered in straws. In Florida they blossomed on New Year's day, in Chicago on Decoration Day. Similarly September 15 had been observed as straw hat throw-away day.

Once, too, baseball tilts were incomplete without a rain of sailors to the diamond. To the veteran fan, a straw was indispensable as a means of registering exuberance over home team victories. To Henry Fabian, Polo Grounds keeper, several hundred straws to be swept from the field were not unusual on a September day.

**Shooting for 1929 Record**—Hatters hoped to regain the sales of 1929. In that year the Department of Commerce reported fifty establishments had produced $18,738,994 (value at factory) of straws and panamas. Production in 1931 receded to $13,892,102, and in 1933 (the last available census) to $9,947,460. Last year had seen no improvement.

Reasons for the plunge were threefold: (1) A barehead fad, spreading like a brush fire from college campus to city street, had blighted hat sales for almost a decade. Hat men fumed but kept silent, fearing that an attack might prove a boomerang. (2) Injection of the light-weight felt as a sales stimulator late in July had displaced the straw hat for summer wear. (3) The decline in luxury spending during the depression hurt the straw, essentially a frill.

Some hatters blamed the automobile. Straw sailors concededly are not the most comfortable hats for driving.

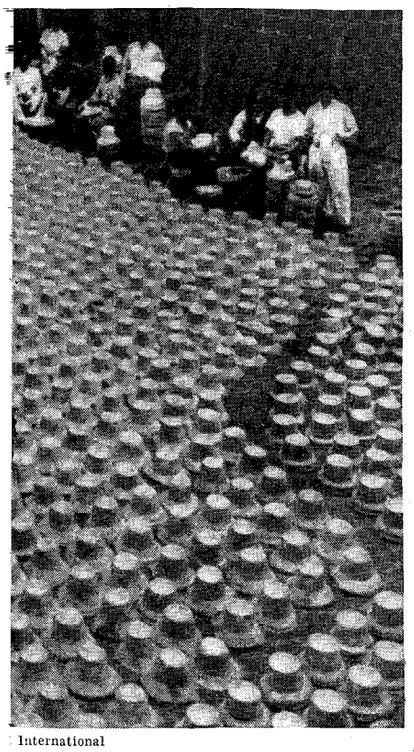
Furthermore, producers feared they had been caught napping. Enviously they viewed the boom in summer attire. The clothing trade in the last few years had uncovered a gold-mine in linens, seersuckers, gabardines and odd slack and jacket ensembles. Haberdashers found new income in mesh, dark tone and polo shirts.

For this informal, light attire, men balked at accepting stiff, conservative summer headwear. Bare heads were encouraged.

To lure customers, producers this year offered ventilated hats, bright bands for sailors. For informal resort wear they showed a coconut straw from Nassau. One manufacturer displayed a cross between a leghorn straw-body hat and a light felt; the crown was of leghorn straw (imported from Italy); the brim of felt.

The panama hat changed little, however. Again it appealed to the wearer on the basis of durability, elasticity, washability. Lovingly, salesmen caressed panamas priced at $75, $100, $300 and $500. To prospective purchasers they explained that the panama is woven from the leaf fiber of the screw pine which grows wild in Ecuador, Peru and Colombia.

Native weavers produce them by hand, working only in the moist mornings and evenings, often spending eight to ten months on a hat. Folded in bales of 200 and 250, they are shipped here for blocking and bleaching. (Ninety-nine per cent. of all panamas are bleached. Rare and costly is



International

Hats for North America dry under South America's tropical sun


VACATION Time! IN NEW YORK

It's a grand *thrill.* So much to see.. to do. Philharmonic concerts, art exhibits, theatres, cafes, shopping, seashore excursions, sightseeing. Within *this* hotel, charming atmosphere, interesting people, tea dansants, concert music, swimming pool. Daily *from* $4. Special monthly rates. Write for interesting guide of New York.

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ACTS LIKE MAGIC ON SWOLLEN TIRED, ACHING, PERSPIRING FEET

"DOUBLE-QUICK" REDUCTION during the SUMMERTIME

Wear the WEIL BELT for 10 days at our expense!

YOU will appear many inches slimmer at once and in ten days your waist line will be 3 inches smaller. 3 inches of fat gone or no cost! "I reduced 8 inches"...writes Geo. Bailey. "Lost 50 lbs." writes W. T. Anderson..... *Hundreds* of similar letters.

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REDUCE your WAIST 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
*or it will cost you nothing!*

You will be completely comfortable as its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move! Gives an erect, athletic carriage . . . supports abdominal walls . . . keeps digestive organs in place . . . greatly increases endurance.

Simply write name and address on postcard and we will send you illustrated folder and full details of our 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!
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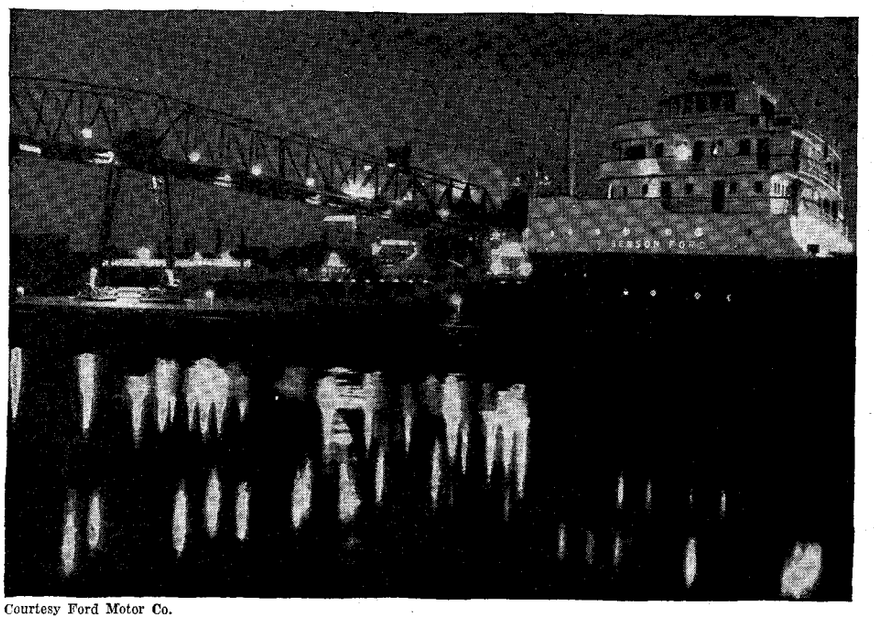

Courtesy Ford Motor Co.

Ore-carrier, bridge crane, blast furnaces (background) and the electric furnace building (left)—all part of the Ford Rouge plant at Dearborn, Michigan

the hat constructed of natural colored straw.)

Last year New York shops reported two sales of $500 hats, one to a Wall Street notable. Already this year shops have sold two $100 hats. Older hat executives can recall sales of $1,000 panamas.

Straw hat manufacturers are profoundly grateful to England's King, Edward VIII. For years he has favored the boater, English synonym for our sailor. May 19, to the Chelsea flower show, the King wore a straw boater, first of the season. English hatters took the hint, rushed to stock up on straws. But sales were disappointing. Despite their King's lead, English subjects turned cold shoulders to boaters. London's fogs discourage gay straws.

## BILLIONS A-WHEEL: More Gold Than Record U. S. Stock Has Gone for Fords

Twelve billion dollars.

It would pay off slightly more than a third of the national debt; it tops the present high-record Treasury gold stock of $10,501,522,015; it matches two for one, with something over, every paper dollar in circulation in the United States.

Yet this sum and more has flowed through the coffers of the Ford Motor Company, William J. Cameron, radio spokesman for the company, revealed last week, since it began business thirty-three years ago at a time when only adventurous souls risked the pleasures of driving one of the newfangled horseless buggies.

Usually the big automobile manufacturing firm keeps pretty silent about its financial affairs. Owned wholly by Henry Ford, his wife, and his son Edsel, it doesn't have to account to pernickety stockholders and it doesn't have to publish annual earnings statements. It does business in Massachusetts, so it must, under State law, file a balance sheet there yearly; but this affords only a rough clue to earnings.

Celebrating the company's thirty-third birthday last week, Mr. Cameron lifted at least a part of the financial veil. In those thirty-three years, he said, the company has sold 24,500,000 Ford cars and trucks—nearly enough, if all were still on the roads, to seat every fifth American behind a wheel. For the cars and other products the company has received $12,951,338,028.

**Huge Expenditures**—Out of its huge inflow, the Ford spokesman continued, the company "has paid out $12,109,321,884 for materials, labor and taxes. That leaves $842,016,144. Deducting from this the always current obligation of $60,000,000 for commitments made, taxes accruing, and for wages coming due, there remains $782,016,144 as the so-called profit for the work for thirty-three years—less than was spent last year to run the factory."

This brings out the fact that it costs more to run the Ford plants than it does to operate New York City. The Board of Estimate adopted a budget of $613,369,000 to run the country's biggest city this year.

But, Mr. Cameron warned, curious customers can't find out the average profit on a car by the ordinary method of dividing total profit by the number of cars sold, which would give a figure of nearly $32.

"That would not be the average profit on a car," he explained, "because the company's profit is not entirely derived from cars—there are by-products and other sources of income which reduce costs. The average profit to the company on a car is about $20. Each purchaser of a Ford car, therefore, has contributed to the Ford profit about sixty-six cents a year over the thirty-three-year period."

Observation over the company's lifetime had shown that "94 per cent. of the money that came in to us immediately went out again as money, and much of the other 6 per cent. went into improvements and economies for the public benefit. But for each 100 per cent. of raw materials or unfinished values that came into our factories, 150 per cent. to 300 per cent. in material values went out again. That is the way true wealth is increased."

**Humble Beginning**—Henry Ford, now approaching his seventy-fourth birthday, primed this river of wealth by tinkering with his own gasoline engine in a workshop back of a modest home in Detroit. Into this original contraption, Mrs. Ford poured gasoline at one end while seven-year-old Edsel sat on a near-by table. Now the River Rouge works of the company near Detroit, largest industrial plant in the world, covers 1,100 acres—nearly two square miles.

To bring Ford ore and lumber from Northern Michigan, the company owns and operates lake freighters, which carry Ford coal north to Duluth on return trips. It owns seven ships for overseas trade and operates others that carry automobile parts to and from Ford plants on Atlantic and Pacific Coasts.

Other interests include 2,500 square miles of jungle in the Amazon Valley in Brazil, which some day will produce rubber for Ford tires.

Henry Ford rules this vast industrial empire. But tho he is the largest stockholder, he isn't even an officer of the Ford Motor Company.

## FILM SHAKE-UP: Paramount Stockholders Refuse to Reelect Otterson as a Director

When bankers last year placed John E. Otterson, former Electrical Research Products, Inc., President, at the helm of the newly reorganized Paramount Pictures, Inc., movie executives on Broadway and in Hollywood shrugged their shoulders skeptically. Could an Annapolis-trained engineer, a novice to pictures, rehabilitate a $298,000,000 producing and exhibiting enterprise?

Last week the industry buzzed with the answer. In the Times Square, New York sky-scraper offices of Paramount, embattled stockholders refused to reelect Otterson as a Director, thus in effect firing him as President. (Paramount's by-laws stipulate that the President must be a Director.

While Paramount employees eavesdropped from corridors and balconies stockholders hauled officers over the coal and grilled them about earnings. First quarter income approximated $700,000, as against twice that amount last year. Shareholders shouted, "We want Zukor (Adolph Zukor, Chairman of the Board). He gave us dividends."

Stony-faced, Otterson polished his *pince*

Wide World

Adolph Zukor—next President of Paramount?

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*nez* while colleagues explained that foreign embargoes on American pictures and high salaries for stars and directors had pared income. Stockholders remained unimpressed.

They blamed his inexperience in appraising stars and stories. His production policies, too, irked old-line movie men. Accusingly, critics recited the President's failure to retain valuable personnel.

Stockholders hoped the answer could be found in Joseph P. Kennedy's report on Paramount. Studio costs had risen rapidly; the company had suffered substantial losses on pictures produced since January, 1935.

Last March directors called in the former Securities Exchange Commission Chairman for advice.

A fortnight ago Kennedy submitted preliminary recommendations.

*Variety*, show business weekly, said that a later report might counsel amalgamation with United Artists.

**Probable New Head**—Show-wise observers saw as successor to Otterson the veteran Adolph Zukor, dominant figure in Paramount since its merger in 1916 with Zukor's Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

Under Zukor, Paramount had achieved a place as one of the industry's big three, vying for supremacy with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Warner Brothers. Swiftly, the company had added to its chain of theaters. From 200 units it had expanded to 1,600 in 1930. In that year earnings topped $18,000,000. Last year net income before special reserves had receded to approximately $3,000,000.

Paramount's bankruptcy in 1933 and its subsequent reorganization forced the company to decentralize its theater ownership. To-day Paramount operates only one theater (Paramount Theater, New York) but holds partnership interests in 1,210 others, 400 of them in Canada and abroad.

This week the company's directors wonder what to do with Otterson's contract, which has four years still to run. For the first two years it stipulated a $150,000 annual salary. For the next three years, $100,000 each. Observers predicted the company would attempt to settle for $100,000.

## *Off-Side*

**Seven-Minister Wedding**—Miss Ruth Livers, marrying a minister, the Rev. George R. Whitecar of Council Bluffs, Iowa, was given away by a minister, her father, while a third minister performed the ceremony and a fourth minister served as best man. Three other ministers, cousins of the bride, served as witnesses.

* * *

**Mack Rings Bell**—White House guards got a jolt last week when somebody rang the door-bell to gain admission to the Executive Offices. It never had been done before. Neither Senators nor messenger boys ever use the bell, for the door is always open. The visitor was John E. Mack of Dutchess County, New York. He had come to confer with the President about his speech placing Mr. Roosevelt's name before the Democratic convention.

* * *

**Paying $600 for $30**—Four years ago, Bernard Owens, a Brooklyn laborer, borrowed $30, which he was to repay in six


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Tired, aching feet, rheumatic-like foot and leg pains, sore heels, cramped toes, weak ankles, bunions, callouses—all are symptoms of weak or fallen arches. To get immediate relief and remove the cause, wear *Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazers* in your shoes. They stop the muscular and ligamentous strain which causes your pain; gently but firmly support the arch. Worn in any properly fitted shoe. Expertly fitted at leading shoe and dept. stores. Sizes for men, women and children. $3.50 pair. Other Dr. Scholl Arch Supports $1.50 upward.

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weekly instalments, plus $6 interest, and with $6 for each default. He fell behind. Last week he had the lender, Joseph Fero, arrested as a usurer, charging he had been forced to pay $1,100 to amortize the $30 loan. Fero denied it; he said Owens had paid only $600.

* * *

**Dollar's "Best Buy"**—The first money he ever earned, a silver dollar which he received for a day's work on a golf course fourteen years ago at the age of ten, was spent for a marriage license last week by Jerold E. Oaks, of Clawson, Michigan. He saved it, he said, "until I could find the most that a dollar would buy, and this license is it."

* * *

**Jail as Nursery**—Two children, one six years, the other eighteen months old, went to jail with their parents in Morristown, New Jersey, last week because the parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Hilbert, did not know where to leave them. The Hilberts were sentenced to thirty days after a quarrel with a relief administrator. On the second day the County Welfare Board intervened and the family was released.

* * *

**Self-Eulogist**—Preaching his own "funeral sermon," L. F. Baileff, eighty, spoke for an hour to 1,000 visitors at his farm near Danville, Illinois, last week. His text was, "To know one's self is wisdom; to govern that self is strength." He invited all his friends because "I don't want one of them prattling over my body when I'm dead." He preferred, he said, a pyre and no ceremony.

* * *

**The Law's Delay**—A twenty-eight-year-old separation suit which never was placed on the court calendar was dismissed by a New York Supreme Court Justice last week. It had been brought by Mrs. Georgia Raynor against Valentine R. Raynor, a policeman. For twenty-eight years Raynor paid his wife $8 a week for herself and their child. He tired of it; at his request the suit was dismissed.

* * *

**Dying for Business**—When Frank Althoff of Boonton, New Jersey, met his friend, Thomas Lewis, coroner and undertaker, on the street one day last week, he asked him, "How's business, Tom?" "Rotten," was the reply, and Althoff laughingly said, "all right, I'll get you some." Three hours later he fell into the grease-pit of a service station. Next day he died. Lewis investigated the death for the county, then conducted the funeral.

* * *

**Sky Barred to Child**—When she promised to be a good girl and do no more parachute-jumping until she is sixteen, fifteen-year-old Winifred Ruth Bayer was released from the custody of the Children's Court, Mineola, Long Island, last week. June 4 she made a parachute jump and landed herself and her father in trouble. Her father was held on a charge of permitting a minor to endanger life and limb.

* * *

**Politeness Wins**—Sixteen little Indians who had been polite for a year were rewarded with gold pieces in a ceremony at the old Indian Church at Mashpee, Cape Cod, last week. They were the beneficiaries of a $50,000 fund left by the late Samuel Gross Davis.

Davis was motoring one day through Mashpee when his hat blew off. An Indian boy retrieved it, and Davis was so impressed by the child's courtesy that he established the politeness fund.

* * *

**Chastened Bulldog**—An eighty-seven-pound woman, Mrs. Frank Robeen of Grafton, Illinois, choked a huge bulldog into insensibility when it attacked her four-year-old daughter last week. The child, bitten in the face, went to a hospital.

* * *

**Disabled by Twig**—His sense of balance destroyed when a twig pierced his ear-drum, Roy Leonard, a hiker, fell and was seriously injured near Ogdensburg, New York. His wife ran four miles through the woods for help. Rescuers had to carry Leonard out.

* * *

**Joy-Riding Record**—Cleveland police aver that three joy-riding youths did this (or these) with a car last week: hit a stop sign, jumped from curb to six-foot terrace, ripped through three thickets, leaped over a thirty-foot cliff, dashed across a busy street, smashed through a steel wire fence, shot down a forty-foot embankment and hit a clump of trees. Nobody was hurt. The driver asked for a drink.

* * *

**Whale Boondoggling**—Towing the carcass of a huge whale from a beach near Gloucester, Massachusetts, seven miles out to sea, Coast Guardsmen cut it loose and sighed with relief. A few hours later the carcass was back in Gloucester harbor. A yachtsman, fearing it would be a menace to navigation, had patiently towed it back.

* * *

**Magical Formulas**—"He who will make a pill of an osprey's eye, a vulture's eye, and a parrot's eye, with buffalo's blood, and hold it in his mouth will vanish from sight," reveals a newly-unearthed book of Hindu magic on the art of achieving invisibility. For great beauty, the dose is snake eyes, crane eyes and mouse eyes mixed with peacock's blood.

## *Slips That Pass in Type*

**Agony Column**—Man and wife will share gas to Phoenix.—*Albuquerque (N. M.) paper.*

Wife will supply large part.

**Doctor M—— L—— Marries**—Dr. and Mr. L—— will reside in dentistry.—*Norway (Mich.) paper.*

Also in harmony and bliss.

**Alternative**—Ballet to Supplant Bullet, Says Chief of War Veterans.—*Minneapolis (Minn.) paper.*

Going in for slow torture, eh, Chief?

**Gov. L—— A. M——** posed before the car in which the delegation will leave Cheyenne yesterday afternoon.—*Cheyenne (Wyo.) paper.*

Now you see it—now you don't.

**From swing** music to chamber music: Benny Goodman will play Arte quartet ycmfwy cmfwp pypp.—*Chicago paper.*

Some still call it hi-de-ho.

**The Reynoldsburg Band** will assist as usual in the Memorial Day program and will add snap to the occasion. Nothing adds dignity to a Memorial band.—*Reynoldsburg (Ohio) paper.*

"Pomp and Circumstance," fellows, and blow the man down.

**Horrors**—Oogs Will Be Used In Manhunts by Sheriff's Office.—*Birmingham (Ala.) paper.*

The jig's up, boys, they got the Zombie after us.

**Learn to Dance**—Ballroom Dancing coars $5.—*New York paper.*

No, thanks. The bunny hug and tl Boston dip are good enough for us.

**Wanted**—Housekeeper—Must also cashi and generally assist owner in eating house. *New Haven (Conn.) paper.*

You don't want a housekeeper—y want a termite.

**Z—— P——** came home June 4th aft completing a year's work at the University Tennessee, Knoxville. She is taking a ho economics course along with some educatio —*Crossville (Tenn.) paper.*

Just a wee mite—hardly enough worry over.

**Q.** How should one, when at the table, move a seed, a bone, or some foreign substan from the mouth?

**A.** It may be given verbally, by phone, car or note.—*Bronx (N. Y.) paper.*

Or you can just get behind your napki and blow—hard.

**The Seattle** post office has been designate as the central paying post office for Washin ton in cashing war veterans' bonds. The clerk will be sent by ordinary mail without restricte delivery, the postmaster said.—*Olympia (Wash paper.*

I opened the envelope and seven ma clerks fell out.

**The remains** of a 12-foot sea monster wi a goat-like head baffled scientists here today Dr. W. B——, Baltimore zoologist, who e amined the 1,300 pound body, said he nev had been such an animal in his 16 years of search.—*Springfield (Mass.) paper.*

Calm down, Doc—nobody ever said y were.

**Duet**—M—— S——, 18, swallowed a chic en bone. Fearing she would die, she shot he self in the dead and did.—*Rochester (N. Y paper.*

—M—— S——, 18, swallowed a chicke house. Fearing she would die, she shot herse in the head and did.—*St. Paul (Minn.) Pape*

Now, all together, boys—.

**Since the** NRA, the most advanced unio advocate minimum wages not only for wom but for the unskilled and even the unskilled, indicated here last week by the A—— C— W—— notion convention.—*Cleveland paper.*

Well, that's one funny notion to sta with.

**P——** is now seeking a dumping grou nearer the city. This is sought to provide convenient place for disposal by those who c not afford to pay extra for its removal and w otherwise use the old city dump or violate law by throwing it under brides.—*San J (Calif.) paper.*

No! No! Not coffee grounds, Agnes—ri

**Pineapple Sherbet**
**Keep White**

Hanging white silk stockings or gloves the sun makes them yellow. Hang them in t shade to around edges only. Pour into tray a freeze one cup cream separately, add pineapp mixture. Beat well and return to tray to free Makes two moderate servings.

Two cups water, one cup sugar, keep the white.—*Yonkers (N. Y.) paper.*

Who wants white gloves, anyway? Le have ice-cream.

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